NEW YORK CLIPPER

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864. | VOL. XII.—No. 34. PRICE TEN CENTS.

THE MOONLIGHT RING;

OR,

THE BLACK SHADOW OF THE TWO-HANDED SWORD.

CHAPTER XIII.

PREPARING FOR THE MARRIAGE—THE BRIDE.

The summer sun shone fair in the heavens, the air was soft and clear, while twittering birds carolled merrily in the broad gardens of Belgrave square. Without the mansion a crowd had already gathered, passing the hour of expectancy in admiring the splendid carriages, the high-bred horses, and the white-favored servants. Within, the bride was being attired for the marriage. With flowing garments of the softest silk they enwrapped her; but 'twas as though they were draping a statue. From her brow, smooth and pale as the virgin marble, they draped the long veil, and surmounted the rich lace by the orange flower. The room was filled by eager attendants, and the fashionable *modistes* who had prepared her trousseau. Each successive addition to her apparel seemed in their eyes to add fresh lustre to her wondrous beauty; and whispered comments of admiration were murmured from each to each. The bustling countess was superintending the important arrangements—forgetting, in her excitement, the large loss of income she would experience by the departure of her "visitor." But Lucy Marsden heard nothing—saw nothing; her lips never opened—she moved as a person in a trance. Noiselessly Gabrielle entered the room bearing in her hand a bouquet of fresh flowers, blended with exquisite taste—her humble gift to the bride. Gabrielle approached Lucy, and with a look of ineffable gratitude she placed them in her hand. The sight of this simple offering recalled Lucy Marsden to herself, and to the misery to which she was doomed. Through her frame there glanced a nervous shudder, bred of that intense grief which could find no outlet in tear, word, or sigh. A chord of sympathy that existed between the two young girls was struck as their eyes met. The look of deep joy vanished from the features of Gabrielle. When Lucy beheld the sweet sympathising face of her humble friend her heart was touched, her chest heaved, and a tear mounted to her burning eyes.

"My dear child," exclaimed the countess, "you look deliciously!—charming! But we must make haste—the carriage waits its lovely burden; the captain will be impatient!"

Lucy, by a strong effort of the nerves, forced back the rising tear, checked her struggling emotion, rested on the arm of the countess, and prepared to descend into the hall.

"Dear me," exclaimed the countess, "how odd you seem, Miss Marsden! Good greacious, my cheild! are you ill?"

"No," replied Lucy; "I am not ill." Then clutching the locket which, as we have seen, held the last injunction of her mother, in her hand, she said to the countess "Come!" then to herself "I am resigned!"

"Beg pardon," curtsied Jackson; "but a letter from Capt. Bernard."

CHAPTER XIV.

CONFERENCE IN THE STEWARD'S ROOM—LATOUR'S DISCLOSURES.

"Allow me, Mr. Chapman," said Miss Minkin, as she opportunely advanced with needle and thread, "to sew your white favor on your coat."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Minkin!" returned Chapman. "I'm sure this affair makes me that nervous! And what with the breakfast, and the fuss—"

"I feel for you, Mr. Chapman," returned Miss Minkin. "I'm sure it's too much for you. And where is Mr. Latour, I wonder? I think he ought—"

"Bless you Miss Minkin, he's of no use! Poor, uneducated nigger—what ken you expect? I always notice, with them kind o' people, when most they're wanted they git out of the way."

"Miss Marsden looks very lovely," remarked Miss Minkin, looking up into the butler's face.

"All ladies look well when they're brides," smiled Chapman, wickedly.

"Lor', Mr. Chapman!" answered Miss Minkin; "what a man you are!"

The preparations for the marriage of Lucy Marsden had, indeed, suggested to Mr. Chapman that he should himself have no objection to be "settled." Miss Minkin was concluding her task, and it was probably the wedding favor that she was sewing on which suggested a similar idea in her mind. Miss Minkin, having finished, looked up to Mr. Chapman with her most winning expression. The place, the moment, were alike auspicious. It was more than mortal could resist, and Chapman was human. So he inclined his head, and, for the first time in his life, gave Miss Minkin a kiss.

"Well, I'm sure, Mr. Chapman!" cried Miss Minkin, who felt it incumbent on her to say something, "well, I'm sure!"

"You may say, 'Well, I'm sure!'" interposed Miss Jackson, who had entered unseen. "I never see such doings!"

Miss Minkin replied merely by a contemptuous look. But Mr. Chapman felt degraded. His consequence suffered.

"On this occasion," exclaimed Jackson, drawing herself up, "I shall say nothing; but if it occurs again, I shall feel bound to tell the countess."

"You may tell the countess," retaliated the butler, "whenever you chooses! I ken do without the countess if," he added with a kind of pride, "the countess ken do without me."

"Oh, Mr. Chapman!" answered Jackson, in a tone wholly at variance with her words, "I was only in fun; but, really, I am that upset—"

"Upset!" exclaimed her fellow-servant.

"With poor, dear Lucy! I declare, the way she has been a going on would melt the heart of a monument!"

"I hev observed that she has looked very queer, like," noticed Miss Minkin.

"Never takes to her meals," added the butler.

"That's a sign," declared Jackson, "that she's in love!"

"That was always so odd. If ever I was in love," said Miss Minkin, with a side glance at the butler, "I think I should eat the more, because the more I eat the better I look!"

"As for poor Miss Lucy, I'm sure it isn't with the captain she's in love; there!"

"Who is it, then, Miss Jackson?"

"Latour knows," significantly replied that young person.

"Latour!" replied Chapman, contemptuously; "Latour, with his conjuring, and his prophecying, and his saying the wedding 'ud never come off, and here it is as good as over."

"Ah!" sighed Jackson.

"Wherever is he?" inquired Miss Minkin.

"Who, Latour?" responded Miss Jackson. "Well, Jane did tell me that he hadn't been abed all night!"

"He aint bin in the house all night!" oracularly pronounced the butler.

"He's been better employed!" cried Latour himself, entering in a half delirium of joy, and throwing his hat on the table. "There, ladies and gentlemen!"

"Well," returned Chapman, "conjurors need never be lazy; and people who pretend to tell the future—"

"Pretend!" good-humoredly answered the creole; "pretend! Explain yourself."

"Did you not," replied Chapman, "tell us a month since that Miss Marsden would never be married to the captain?"

"Well!" answered Latour.

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Minkin in a similar tone.

"She is not married, is she?" demanded Latour.

His hearers were completely taken aback by his cool assurance.

"I repeat it; she is not married!" triumphantly reasserted Latour.

"Well; 'pon my word, that's a good 'un!" returned Chapman. "Here's the carriages at the door; here's some of the bridesmaids up stairs; here I've had all the fussation of the wedding breakfast!"

"In spite of the carriages, the bridesmaids, and the breakfast, Miss Lucy Marsden is Miss Lucy Marsden still."

"But in less than an hour—"

"Less than an hour!" replied the creole. "Why, what events happen in less than a *minute!* A noble vessel skims the ocean—in less than a minute she is a hopeless wreck on some hidden reef; a steed stumbles—in less than a minute its gallant rider is a corpse upon the road; an angry word from a tyrant ruler, and in less than a minute the torch of revolution flares through the teeming streets. A glass of wine, Mr. Chapman, if you please."

"Wine for you!" ejaculated Chapman.

"You may well be surprised," replied the creole, "but, in truth, I am tired."

The butler produced the decanter, with four glasses.

"It isn't for no tricks, Mr. Latour?" doubtfully inquired the butler.

Latour drank off his glass with a smile.

Chapman then poured out three other glasses for the benefit of the ladies and himself.

"Then you still mean to say, Mr. Latour, that the wedding wont come off?"

"Positively assert it!"

"Well," gasped Chapman; "you are a rum 'un!"

"I suppose," sarcastically remarked Miss Minkin, "I suppose you'll cast one of your magic spells?"

"Not I! The ceremony will be prevented by the most natural cause in the world."

"Which will be—" inquired Miss Jackson.

"An accident to the bridegroom," replied Latour.

"An accident!" smiled Chapman. "Oh! an accident will happen, eh?"

"An accident *has* happened," replied the creole.

"An accident?"

The listeners were eager for details.

"Useless to ask me!" exclaimed the creole, "for the best of all reasons, that I know only the result, and am wholly ignorant of the particulars."

"But the result?" asked Miss Minkin, quite beside herself with curiosity.

"The result is," replied Latour, "that Capt. Hugh Bernard has received a dangerous wound."

"With a sword?"

"I believe so; yes."

"Dangerous?"

"So dangerous that he will be compelled to postpone his proposed marriage."

"When?"

"Now," replied Latour.

"Mr. Latour!" exclaimed Miss Jackson in a tone of strong doubt.

"So I assure you," proceeded the creole. "Hush!" he added, as a cab, drawing up, stopped at the door. "There is the messenger."

Latour's quiet, self-conceited demeanor had forsaken him. His delight found expression in his glittering eyes, in his smiling lip, and in the exultant tones of his voice.

"Then the bridesmaids—"

"May depart," rejoined the creole; "the carriages drive away; the crowd disperse."

In a maze of wonderment at the assurances of the creole, Chapman departed to ascertain their truth. Miss Jackson "just stepped" up stairs to see how the bride would receive the intelligence; while Miss Minkin bustled up to her mistress to learn the details from her lips. Latour was alone. No longer the effulgence of joy dwelt on his features, but a sentiment of holiest gratitude.

"God of the dark skin, I thank you!" he murmured, unconsciously clasping his hands. "My young mistress is safe—at least for a time. Athol's sword should have struck through his heart had I wielded the weapon!"

The mobile muscles of the creole's face moulded his features into an expression in which deep rage and bitter hate strove for the mastery. "He should not have lived!" he gasped. "I—"

"Well, Mr. Latour!" cried Jackson, entering breathlessly. "You are all wrong!"

"That cab!" exclaimed Latour. "Was it not the messenger I said?"

"Yes, it was," said Miss Jackson; "a messenger with a letter."

"A letter of excuse explaining the accident and postponing the marriage?"

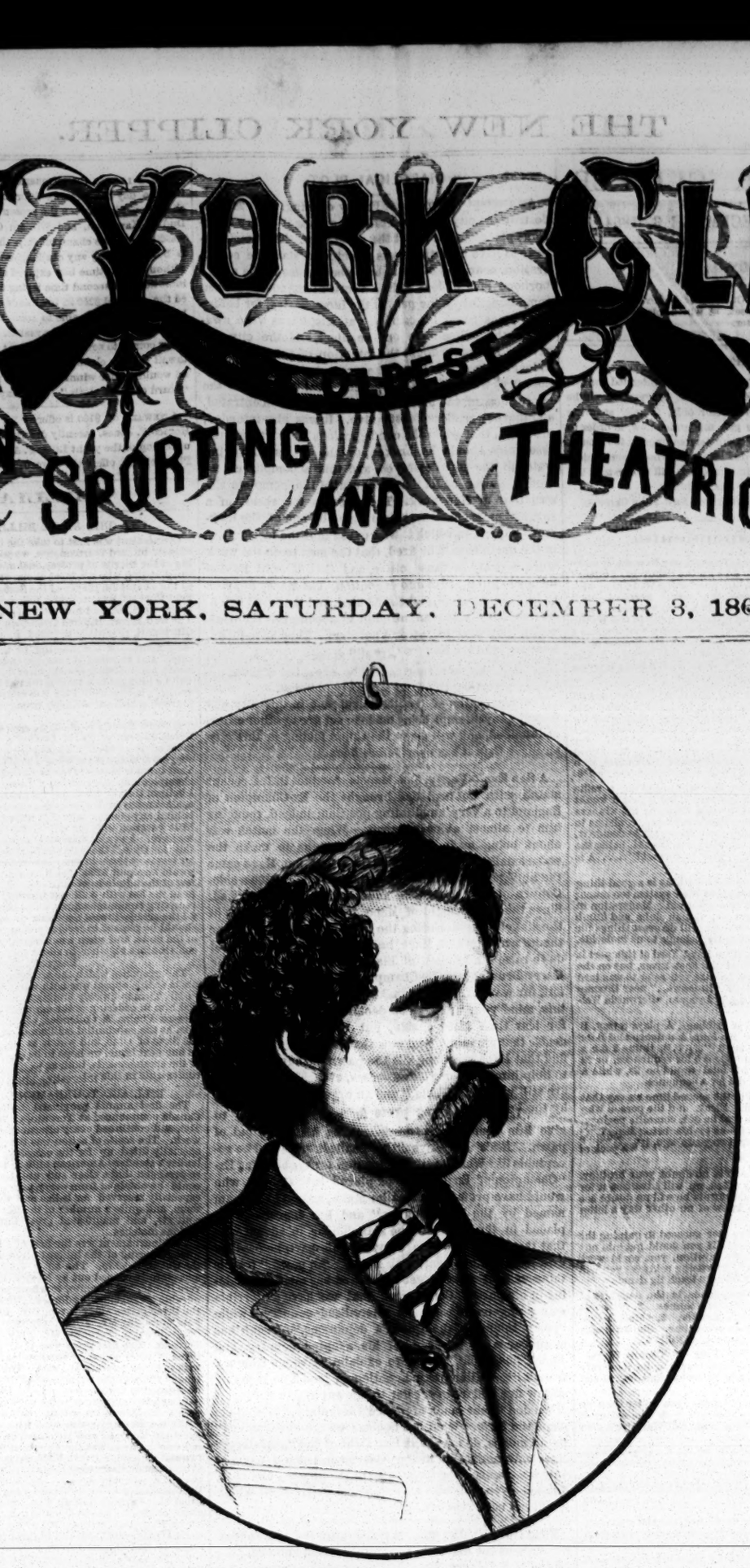
In the whirl of excitement, Latour dashed across the room, grasped the astonished girl by the wrist, and gazed into her eyes as though he would have read her very soul within their depths.

"I declare, Mr. Latour!" said Jackson, "You quite upset me. What with helping to dress my lady, and the worry, and all, I—"

"See, I am very patient—very calm now; tell me the truth!" asked the creole, almost respectful in his demeanor.

"Well, then, you must not go on so," enjoined the girl. "Dear me, how my heart does flutter!"

The creole expressed the intensity of his anxiety simply by his attitude.



ARTEMUS WARD. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

"It was a letter," Jackson commenced, at last, "of only three lines. My lady dropt it, and I read it."

To Latour's heart there penetrated a terrible vacant, sickly feeling, which all persons have *felt*, but which, probably, no person could precisely explain.

"Only three lines!" repeated Latour, in a voice almost humble in its intonation.

"And these were the lines," proceeded Jackson:—

"The bridegroom has been accidentally hurt. But though pain racked him to the very marrow, he would still meet his bride at the altar."

The creole turned away to conceal his terrible dismay from the eyes of the girl.

"Oh, Athol Clement!" thought Latour, wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead. "His life was in your hand."

"Come in!" cried Chapman to Mr. Oliver, Hugh Bernard's valet. "Come in! Take a glass of wine, Mr. Oliver?"

"I've no objection, Mr. Chapman. I've had an awful night of it. What with the supper last night, and the captain coming home so ill, it is enough to drive a poor fellow out of his senses."

"Sit down, Mr. Oliver."

"No, bless ye! I must get back as fast as I can to dress the captain."

Chapman elevated his eyebrows, and looked at the clock.

"Yes, it's getting late; but the doctor's with him, giving him lotions, and I don't know what all."

Latour turned round.

"Bathing the wound with lotion, I think you said, Mr. Oliver?"

"Precisely, Mr. Latour; leastways, I'm to fetch it from Savory's as I return."

"You are returning to the Albany, then, and at once, you say?"

"Not a moment to lose."

"I'll accompany you," exclaimed the creole.

Mr. Chapman looked at Jackson, and tapping his forehead, wished her by that action to understand his opinion of the creole's state of mind.

"I am ready," declared Latour.

Mr. Oliver finished his wine and prepared to start.

Latour, hurrying away to get his hat, took from his pocket a small sprig of herb.

"Bye, bye!" said Oliver to Chapman and Jackson. "Shall see you presently, I suppose, to share a slice of the wedding-cake?"

A spasm like a shock of electricity quivered through the frame of Latour.

"Come!" he muttered, hoarsely—"come!"

"Where's your prophecy now, Mr. Latour, eh?" asked Miss Minkin, meeting him at the door.

"In the course of its fulfilment," he whispered to her. "No time to lose, Mr. Oliver! Come, quickly! come!"

CHAPTER XV.

BERNARD AMONG HIS FRIENDS—HIS RESOLVE—LATOUR ON HIS TRACK.

While Hugh Bernard was being driven back to the court-yard of the Albany from his duel at the Lime Kilns, the red tint of the morning suffusing the eastern sky, tinted the long white lines of the deserted London streets. His right arm dangling uselessly from his side, it was with no slight difficulty that he managed to descend from the cabriolet, and pay the driver whom he had engaged. The groom who had been waiting, too well trained to outwardly express his astonishment, yet could not restrain in his heart a feeling of surprise at the singular look of Hugh Bernard, and the tired appearance of the horse. The night-porter touched his hat as Bernard passed.

"Send Dr. Harlick to my chambers," he said; "I have met with an accident."

Bernard then passed up the avenue, entered the house, and mounted to his chambers. Oliver, his valet, was asleep in the outer apartment, the servants' rooms above were still and quiet; while in his dining-room were the remnants of his bachelor revel. The majority of his friends, who, though marvelling at his sudden departure, had remained for his return, were in the dining-room still, but in various stages of somnolency, and in a variety of attitudes on the sofa, the rug, or reclining on the easy chairs. Bernard dropped into a vacant seat and pressed his left hand upon his aching head. The pain of his wounded arm was agonizing. Perhaps at that moment of anguish a gleam of repentance flitted across his mind. He beheld in imagination the form of Lucy looking so pure and fair; but to whom misery would prove her lifelong dowery, while the jewels with which he adorned her would burn like fire in her brain. The thought was a distraction—to be banished at any price. With his left hand he clutched a bottle of sparkling Moselle, with one blow against the table struck the neck off, and then filled a tumbler with the foaming essence of the grape.

"Ho! gentlemen and guests," he shouted; "has the hour of the revel departed? What! drowsy, with Mervin to regail ye his worn memories of ancient loves! Wake! a bumper of sparkling—coffee and a cigar to follow. Wake friends, wake!"

"Exquithithly lovely," droned the Honorable John Fitz-John. "Deemed sheam that thuth a thentaur as Bernard should carry her offh."

"Centaur, my Right Honorable John Fitz-John!" interposed the host, as one by one the guests shook off their dreamy slumber and awoke. "Centaur am I! Come, rouse ye, gentlemen, and quaff your bumpers to the centaur."

"I wath dreaming," explained the Honorable John, alarmed at the indiscretion of which he had been unconsciously guilty.

"Of course, only dreaming," rejoined Bernard, in a wild state of artificial hilarity; "and dreams, you know, are translated by contraries. That is it, I believe."

"Why, Bernard, exclaimed Mervin, "where the deuce have you been? It's getting on for six o'clock, man."

"I've been away," replied Bernard, with an unnatural laugh, "on a matter of business. Drink, gentlemen, drink."

"And what's the matter? Why don t you use your right arm?"

"Because it's impossible," replied Bernard. "See!" And placing his glass on the table, he with his left arm lifted up its wounded fellow, which being released, it fell helpless at his side.

"Why, heavens, Bernard, you are wounded!"

"Wounded! Yes."

The pain of moving the limb was too terrible. Bernard for a moment rose, and then sank exhausted and almost insensible in the chair. The guests crowded around him, but their exertions were of no avail. At last Oliver announced Dr. Harlick. Dr. Harlick was an excessively short man, with a long nose and shifting eyes. He was, perhaps, somewhat out of humor. He had been accustomed to array himself in a sort of bandbox fashion. Suddenly disturbed at that unholy hour, he had been compelled in the hurry to put on yesterday's cravat. Still he dared not refuse to come, for Captain Hugh Bernard was a most important patient. From him an aside whisper of "My dear fellow, go to Harlick," would have been enough in itself to have added several guineas to the daily earnings of the fashionable physician. Soon as Harlick entered he at once saw that the presence of so many would interfere with the recovery of his patient.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you must allow me to be alone with Captain Bernard; and one of you gentlemen," he added, "send in a surgeon—Bridgeman, you know."

"I thuppoth then," said the Honorable John Fitz-John, "there'll be no wedding to-morrow?"

"No wedding!" spoke Bernard in low but distinct tones—"no wedding! My resolve is so strong I believe 'twould animate my corse!"

Harlick, descending from the dignified height of his branch of the profession, cut the sleeve of his patient's coat and exposed the wound.

"It is inflaming, gentlemen," pronounced the physician; "and——"

Harlick shook his head.

"Doctor," gasped Bernard, "I cannot see, but I can hear you. By half-past eleven this day—in the church of St. George's—I *will* be—mark that—I *will*——"

The exertion proved too much for him. He rose up with the words and then fell back fainting.

"Go, gentlemen," enjoined the physician; "and remember to send Bridgeman."

Silently they departed. Oliver and a fellow servant conveyed their master to bed, but not to rest. His brain seemed preternaturally active; his lips were ever moving, ejaculating disjointed, fragmentary words.

"Hark! 'Tis the marriage chime!" he muttered. "See! she comes! The bride, dowered with richest beauty and endless wealth—and she is mine!—mine! The fluttering bird—Heavens! what is that? The bridge!—the mother! Yes, yes! I swear by my hope of happiness here—my trust for peace. Peace!" he yelled. "Oh, for an instant's pause! Peace! where is there peace for me?"

The physician again stooped so far from his dignity as to assist the valet in removing the coat.

"Some warm water," he whispered; "quick!"

Oliver retired to obey the demand of Harlick. Presently Bridgeman came. He was a young practitioner of great skill, eager to secure a fashionable patient in the person of the rich Captain Bernard.

"Not much," he muttered; "a sword thrust—nothing more. Badly inflamed, though; cooling lotions, an opiate——"

"Opiate!" screamed Bernard; "no, no! No opiate! Opiates are for sleep. This is my marriage morn!"

"Impossible!"

"I *will!*" screamed Bernard, rising from his bed,—"I will!"

"You must keep perfectly still, then; for that," declared the doctor, "is your only chance."

For three hours, then—though sleepless, yet quiet as a corpse—Bernard, for that one object of temporary recovery, lay motionless on the bed. Suddenly, as though to remove a doubt, he rose, and going to the table, where there were materials for writing, he traced three lines with his left hand.

"I'll breed no false hopes," he cried; "none. She *shall* be mine! Oliver!"

"Sir!"

"At once—a hansom, to Belgrave Square; return quickly!"

Oliver looked inquiringly at the physician. Mr. Harlick thinking, doubtless, that any course that continued to quiet him should be adopted, nodded assent.

"Hark ye, Oliver?" interposed Bridgeman, having written a fresh prescription; "leave that at Savory's as you go, and call for it on your return! Quickly, mind!"

Oliver at once left on his mission. Bernard looked impatient.

"You must rest, Captain Bernard,—indeed, you must!"

"After my marriage," he whispered; "not before. If I rested, I might sleep. If I slept, I should be too late."

He suffered Bridgeman to foment the wound with hot water, but that was all. So passed the time till Oliver's return with Latour.

They had brought Bridgeman's perscription made up from Savory's. Oliver took it into the chamber; Latour, waiting in the passage, glanced at his watch. He then hurriedly took the small sprig of herb from his concealed pocket. Oliver brought out the lotion, in order to get it poured into a basin. As he was returning with it, Latour took it from him.

"See!" he said to Oliver, "there is some strange object floating in it! The basin was not completely clean. There!" he added, as he pretended to remove it with the stalk of herb—"there, it is all right now!"

Oliver took in the lotion to his master, and Latour, with no further word, passed out of the house, through the arcade, into the street.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MORN OF THE MARRIAGE—SUDDEN TERMINATION TO THE WEDDING—SERIOUS ILLNESS OF BERNARD.

When Mr. Enoch Gabriel, beadle of the parish, came to unlock the doors of the sacred edifice on the morning of the 24th of July, he was surprised to see the crowd which had already collected about the doors of the church. Unadorned by the uniform and staff of office, to the majority of those present he was no more of consideration than one of themselves. But when it became whispered about that he was no other than the beadle, even his dignity was scared by the overwhelming importunities for admission with which he was greeted.

"Good people," he said, "it ain't no use shoving; I daren't let nobody in 'cept Mrs. Paglin, the pew-opener, and the clerk of the westry, for the next hour."

But the crowd, mostly composed of the "sox," would not believe him. They tugged at his coat—they pulled off his hat—they waved shillings before his eyes—they cajoled, they implored, they threatened.

"Oh!" cried Mr. Gabriel, "if I only had my laced coat and my cocked hat, I should not be sarved like this!"

The narrow steps which led to the vestry were perfectly jammed. The "sex," determined to get in, resolved as fate, glared defiantly at this indignant beadle in *mufti*. The horrors of the middle passage paled into insignificance in comparison with those which Mr. Gabriel saw before them. Like a great general, finding that force would be useless, he resorted to cunning.

"The front doors ain't open till the usual time, ladies," he whispered. "But let me get into the westry quiet, and I'll open this door to ye one by one."

The ladies, alas! believed him. By this means the beadle passed through the crowd, unlocked the door, glided suddenly through it, and, by the utmost expenditure of strength, contrived to secure it once more.

"Well," he gasped, "I don't remember such a wedding as this since the Dook's."

Who the "Dook" was did not transpire.

"I made thirteen pun five out o' that job!" he muttered to himself; "and I shouldn't be extonished if this yere affair turned out over a fifteener!"

It was about ten o'clock. Mr. Enoch Gabriel leisurely began to look about the church, to see that it was all in proper order for the ceremony.

"It's a worry," he cried, "that I should be the only official obligated to be here so early. The clerk o' the westry, the curate, the wicar, the bishop, and the rest on us, needn't come till eleven, or past. It's the way o' the world!" he moaned; "the poorest paid is always the worst put on!"

By this time Mr. Gabriel had prepared all the cassocks and gowns ready for their respective wearers. The noise at the vestry door grew tumultuous—the "sex," finding itself deceived, gave liberal vent to its disappointment in sundry kicks, and shouts through the key-hole.

"Bless me!" he remarked to himself, "what a mob! It's a safe fifteen pounder, as sure as my name's Enoch!"

"Mr. Gabriel!" screamed a half-breathless voice, through the key-hole—Mr. Gabriel—it's me!"

"Lor', that's poor Paglin!" said Gabriel. 'Owever shall I get her in?"

"Paglin!" cried Gabriel, through the key-hole, "is there very many outside?"

"Oh, Mr. Gabriel! I do believe the very parish is crammed!"

"Look out, Paglin!" enjoined Enoch, quickly opening the door. But his celerity was of no avail to close out the numbers who were pressing close at her heels.

At least twenty hot, flushed and determined ladies had entered with the pew opener. The beadle rushed into the church, hurried on his coat, seized his staff, returned and struck a majestic attitude before the undaunted females. Finding they cared nothing for him, he turned swiftly round on the trembling, though unoffending pew opener.

"Paglin," he cried, "this is your fault! What the devil—I should say, what the deuce do you mean by this?"

"Oh, Mr. Gabriel! what was to be done, sir? Many weddings I have seen, but sich a one as this never with my blessed eyes, Mr. Gabriel!"

"You must go out," cried Gabriel to the uncaring ladies in the church; "stop you can't."

"Turn us out, then!" suggested one fiery female belligerent. "Turn us out if you can!"

"If I can!" retorted the astonished beadle. "If I can!"

But Mr. Gabriel rightly judged that the task was beyond his muscle.

"Paglin," he said to the pew opener, "I leave you to talk to these people."

The truth was, that discovering the impossibility of expelling the intruders, he considered that the next best thing was to make as much as he could by suffering them to remain. But as a pecuniary discussion, in the shape of a bargain, was far beneath his dignity, he left the negotiation to the pew opener. The result was that the invaders were suffered to enter the organ loft, to await the commencement of the absorbing ceremony.

"That is your share of the compliment, Mr. Gabriel," said the pew opener, handing ten shillings to the beadle.

"Em!" said that individual with a contented cough; "em! Well, that aint so bad. I think, Paglin, we'll let a few more in."

A knock at the door, which they understood full well, made them both start; Gabriel to the door; Mrs. Paglin to make them remove the covers from the cushions, and place the books in the pews. It was the vestry clerk; he had come earlier, but noticing the unusual crowd, had taken the precaution of obtaining the assistance of the police. He, therefore, entered with but slight difficulty.

"Gabriel, I was never so insulted in my life."

"Bless me, Mr. Fitter, sir! whatever is the matter?"

"A woman, Gabriel, a woman absolutely thrust this in my hand to let her into the church!"

"What, *you*, sir!" returned the beadle, with well-assumed horror; *you!* Disgusting! Give it to me, sir. I'll find her out, and give it to her back on the instant!"

Gabriel took the coin, pretended to go out, and pocketed it with a quiet smack of his lips.

"Now, Gabriel, the time's getting on. All pretty near ready for the bishop, eh?"

"Quite ready, sir," replied Gabriel.

"Well, then, I think—"

"Open the doors, sir?"

The clerk nodded. Gabriel, then, planting his cocked hat firmly on his head, and jingling the keys with an assumption of importance as he paraded the aisle, approached the centre door. He flung it open, and in an instant was upset by the crowd, who, heedless of his gold lace and his cocked hat, trampled him under foot. Ere he had gathered himself together the church was nearly filled; that is to say, the aisles and the free seats. The pews were empty. Mrs. Paglin replied to every appeal by declaring that she expected the "parties" there. A minute observer might, however, have calculated that, as often as Mrs. Paglin opened or closed her hand, a pew received a fresh occupant. Enoch Gabriel, recovering his equanimity, kept an eye on his coadjutor. Soon another pew opener made her appearance; was similarly attacked, and concluded similar arrangements. The church, except the centre aisle, completely crammed, was filled with a sibillating whisper, like the hiss of the sea upon the sands. The middle-aged and elderly ladies appeared to take the greatest interest in the proximate ceremony. Assuming the whole of the following sentences to be stirred up together, the reader would have some general idea of the nature of the conversation.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BALL PLAY.

FOOT BALL RULES.

The game of foot ball is not very generally played in this country, although more games have been played the past year or two than formerly. As it is now the season for this rollicking pastime it is proposed to organize two clubs, one in New York, the other in Brooklyn, so that matches can be played between them. We think well of the project and hope it may succeed. To further the same, we publish by request the revised

RULES FOR FOOT BALL.

1. The maximum length of the ground shall be 200 yards, the maximum breadth shall be 100 yards, the length and breadth shall be marked off with flags, and the goal shall be defined by two upright posts, eight yards apart, without any tape or bar across them.

2. The game shall be commenced by a place kick from the centre of the ground by the side winning the toss, the other side shall not approach within 10 yards of the ball until it is kicked off. After a goal is won the losing side shall be entitled to kick off.

3. The two sides shall change goals after each goal is won.

4. A goal shall be won when the ball passes over the space between the goal posts (at whatever height), not being thrown, knocked on, or carried.

5. When the ball is in touch the first player who touches it shall kick or throw it from the point on the boundary line where it left the ground, in a direction at right angles with the boundary line.

6. A player shall be out of play immediately he is in front of the ball, and must return behind the ball as soon as possible. If the ball is kicked past a player by his own side, he shall not touch or kick it or advance until one of the other side has first kicked it or one of his own side on a level with or in front of him has been able to kick it.

7. In case the ball goes behind the goal line, if a player on the side to whom the goal belongs first touches the ball, one of his side shall be entitled to a free kick from the goal line at the point opposite the place where the ball shall be touched. If a player of the opposite side first touches the ball, one of his side shall be entitled to a free kick from a point 15 yards outside the goal line, opposite the place where the ball is touched.

8. If a player makes a fair catch he shall be entitled to a free kick, provided he claims it by making a mark with his heel at once; and in order to take such kick he may go as far back as he pleases, and no player on the opposite side shall advance beyond his mark until he has kicked.

9. A player shall be entitled to run with the ball towards his adversaries' goal if he makes a fair catch, or catches the ball on the first bound; but in the case of a fair catch, if he makes his mark, he shall not then run.

10. If any player shall run with the ball towards his adversaries' goal, any player on the opposite side shall be at liberty to charge, hold, trip, or hack him, or to wrest the ball from him; but no player shall be held and hacked at the same time.

11. Neither tripping nor backing shall be allowed, and no player shall use his hands or elbows to hold or push his adversary, except in the case provided by Law 10.

12. Any player shall be allowed to charge another, provided they are both in active play. A player shall be allowed to charge if even he is out of play.

13. A player shall be allowed to throw the ball or pass it to another if he make a fair catch, or catches the ball on the first bound.

14. No player shall be allowed to wear projecting nails, iron plates, or gutta percha on the soles or heels of his boots.

DEFINITION OF TERMS.

A Place Kick is a kick at the ball while it is on the ground, in any position which the kicker may choose to place it.

A Free Kick is the privilege of kicking the ball, without obstruction, in such a manner as the kicker may see fit.

A Fair Catch is when the ball is caught, after it has touched the person of an adversary or has been kicked, knocked on, or thrown by an adversary, and before it has touched the ground or one of the side catching it; but if the ball is kicked from out of touch, or from behind goal line, a fair catch cannot be made.

Hacking is kicking an adversary on the front of the leg, below the knee.

Tripping is throwing an adversary by the use of the legs without the hands, and without hacking or charging.

Charging is attacking an adversary with the shoulder, chest, or body, without using the hands or legs.

Knocking On is when a player strikes or propels the ball with his hands, arms, or body, without kicking or throwing it.

Holding includes the obstruction of a player by the hand or any part of the arm below the elbow.

Touch is that part of the field, on either side of the ground, which is beyond the line of flags.

THE CONVENTION OF 1864.

THE next annual Convention of the National Association of Base Ball Players takes place on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, at 7 P. M., in the lecture room of Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York. It is earnestly desired that every club in the country send delegates to this meeting. Those who have not been able to comply with the rules in regard to sending in the required vouchers, &c., will find the Convention indulgent in waving the rules for the purpose of receiving new members, and therefore no regularly organized club should fail to send delegates to this meeting. It is absolutely requisite for the permanency of the game that the National Association should be sustained, and to do this, every club in the country should belong to it.

Important amendments to the rules are to be introduced at this meeting, and it is very necessary that all the clubs should be well posted in regard to the new rules, and they cannot become so much better than by having their delegates at the Convention.

WASHINGTON, OF STAPLETON, vs. ENTERPRISE, OF CLIFTON.

A VERY interesting and well played game took place between those two ball clubs at Camp Washington, Staten Island, on the 24th ult., resulting in another victory of the Washington over the Enterprise this season by a score of 38 to 19. The following is the score:—

BATTING.

WASHINGTON.	B.L.	R.	ENTERPRISE.	B.L.	R.
William Bird, c	4	4	W. H. Clark, c	1	3
Daniel Batty, p	6	4	J. Cuthbertson, p	3	1
William Smith, 1st b	2	5	S. Lawrence, 1st b	4	2
Abbien Noble, c f	3	4	Jerry Simmonson, 2d b	4	2
William Little, l f	1	5	G. H. Dix, 3d b	4	1
Thomas Folan, s s	3	4	L. P. Bayard, s s	3	2
William Orr, r f	3	4	Charles Janin, l f	1	4
Daniel Brown, 3d b	2	4	F. M. Gilpin, c f	3	2
Dudley Stebbins, 2d b	3	4	W. H. Walker, r f	4	2
Total		38	Total		19

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Washington	4	11	2	7	6	2	5	0	1	—38
Enterprise	1	4	0	2	4	1	2	0	5	—19

Umpire—John Hase, of the Acquhounga Club, Staten Island.

Scorers—A. C. Miranda, for Washington; Mr. Five, for Enterprise.

Home runs—Little, 1; Bird, 1; Clark, 1.

Double play—By Batty and Bird, and by Batty alone.

AMATEUR vs. TREMONT.

An interesting game of base ball was played on Thanksgiving day between the Amateur and Tremont clubs, which resulted in the victory of the latter by the following score:—

BATTING.

AMATEUR.	H.L.	R.	TREMONT.	H.L.	R.
A. Vanantworth, c	2	4	J. Jarvis, 1st b	2	3
T. Summerfield, p	2	3	J. Buckhaut, c f	3	2
C. Conenhoven, c f	2	2	H. B. Sherwood, c	1	4
Harrison, l f	2	2	S. Haddock, s s	3	2
T. Thomson, 3d b	2	2	J. Lent, 2d b	2	3
J. Heath, 2d b	2	1	A. De Wilde, l f	2	3
E. Heath, 1st b	0	3	G. Bedell, 3d b	2	3
W. Burt, r f	2	1	L. Sherwood, p	1	2
Danfield, s s	4	0	T. Stearns, r f	3	0
Total		18	Total		22

Scorers—O. Dunham, and ——.

Umpire—J. Bedell, of the Union Club.

Home runs—J. Jarvis, 2; E. Heath, 1.

BASE BALL ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—The weather being cold on the 24th ult., the attendance on the ball grounds was not as numerous as it otherwise would have been, but there was a good muster of the more enthusiastic of the fraternity. The Juniors were out in force, nothing short of a storm detaining them from play on every holiday occasion. Several regular matches were played, and quite a number of scrub games.

THE ATLANTIC CLUB.—The match arranged for the benefit of Pearce of this club did not take place, a scrub game being substituted on account of the absence of the majority of the contestants in the proposed match between the old and new nines, sides being chosen by Chapman and Chas. Smith, Chapman's nine winning by a score of 20 to 15, in a game of seven innings.

THE EXCELSIOR CLUB.—The excelsior propose to wind up the season with a grand supper and a hop, the affair to take place at the Mansion House, Brooklyn, on the 8th of December.

CRICKET ON THANKSGIVING DAY.—The Bedford Cricket Grounds presented quite a lively scene on Thanksgiving Day, despite the coldness of the weather. Quite a large party of Nottingham chaps hailing from Yorkville put in an appearance, and a lively scrub match was arranged, and some three hours good sport had with the leather and the willow, the result being a full appetite for the Thanksgiving dinner all sat down to on the day in question.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 29 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

To Correspondents.

INQUISITIVE, Detroit.—1. There is no legal way to make B make his bet good, and the best way to do with the "shovers of queer" is to watch your chance to detect him purchasing something with his counterfeits, and then have the rascal arrested—such scoundrels are bound to fetch up all in a heap sooner or later. 2. For an answer to your next four questions write to the *Weekly Tribune*. 3. N. P. Willis still lives; his country residence is a place called Idlewild, up the Hudson River. 4. Mr. Bonner alone is capable of giving a satisfactory reply to this query. 5. The lady's husband is editor of the N. Y. *Era*. 6. It's more than we can tell.

J. M. B.—The last heard of the brig Vision, we believe, was off Cape Race, three or four months ago, although it is stated that an advertisement appeared in the London *Times*, offering her for sale—we fear that Captain Donovan and his little vessel have been lost; the Vision was 16 feet long, and about 5 foot beam. For further particulars we must refer you to the builder, Mr. David Blackburn, boatbuilder, foot of Grand street, East River, who will no doubt be happy to give you all the information you desire.

STUPIDITY.—"Please decide the following:—During a raffle which recently took place, 44 was thrown; A bet B that it would win; subsequently it was tied and 44 remained high; the winners settled by one party buying the other's interest. A claims to have won the bet, but B says they must throw off to decide it, A thinks that an entirely outside matter, and that 44, being the highest throw in the raffle, wins. Who is correct?".....A is correct, 44 being the winning throw.

CLARA W., Philadelphia.—1. Cold water bathing is a good thing for dyspeptics providing it does not shock their system too much; and although not a cure of itself is a great aid. Moderation in diet, exercise with the skipping rope, Indian clubs and dumb bells, and cold water bathing combined, will do great things for you. 2. A matter of opinion that hardly belongs to us to decide.

J. B. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. The Navy Yard at this port is not located on the New York side of the East River, but on the Brooklyn side. 2. The Broadway Theatre you refer to was torn down a few years ago; the present "Broadway," near Broome street, was first known as Brougham's Lyceum, afterwards Wallack's Theatre.

J. MANNING, N. Y.—"In playing at cribbage, A plays a tray, B a tray. A a tray, B a tray, A a five, B a four, A a deuce and B an ace. Who takes most points, A or B?".....B, thus—2 for a pair, 12 for a double pair royal, and 8 and 5 for sequences, or 22 in all, and if the ace was a "go," his total would be 23, while A scores but 10—6 for a pair royal and 4 for a sequence.

JOHN LINDLEY, Buffalo, N. Y.—For the second time we say that Bendigo never fought Molineux the Black, and the person who swears that we telegraphed to him that he did, commits perjury to put the mildest construction on it—as to his being Bendigo's son, and that he buried his father two years ago, it's a pack of falsehoods, as Bendigo is still living.

J. E. T., Louisville.—The gentleman is no doubt your brother. If you send a letter for him to this office, we will advertise it for him, and when our paper reaches California he will no doubt see the notice and send for it. We know of no other way a letter would reach him.

H. A. S., Dayton, O.—You will never succeed in gaining the point you seek by living in your city. If you could get into one of our city theatres in a subordinate position, you could work your way up. By looking over our advertising columns you will find most every week parties advertising to teach jig dancing.

BAT. E., Mass. Art.—1. Miss Avonia Jones is the daughter of Melinda Jones and the celebrated Count Joannes. 2. Margaret Jean Davenport is the widow of Gen Lander. 3. Miss Davenport has been out of the profession for some time. She will make her re-appearance on the stage this season at Niblo's.

J. W.—1. Maggie was born in New York. 2. Clifton W. Tayleure, of the Baltimore press, is the author of Lucille Western's "East Lynne." Mr. Tayleure was the first person that dramatized the novel.

ROMEO.—1. Our city managers could tell you better than we can why they do not play "Romeo and Juliet." 2. The salary of a first class performer is about $35 a week. 3. We cannot give you the gentleman's right name.

J. T. C.—Parties advertise frequently in the CLIPPER to teach wench dancing. Keep your eye on our advertising columns and you will soon find a tutor.

H. F. W., Newark, N. J.—All the dice must be thrown clear from the cup with one movement, or it is no throw, and the party must throw over again.

JAMES C. B., St. Louis.—1. Laura Keene had the Metropolitan, now Winter Garden, before Burton. 2. Lady Laura came from England, where she had been on the stage for some time.

W. L. J.—Mr. J. B. Howe has frequently played Jack Sheppard. We have no recollection of any injury happening him at the National.

J. U., Hartford.—1. Morrisania, we believe, was so called after Robert Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—at any rate this was his birthplace. 2. Among the signers were two Irishmen, two Englishmen, one Scotchman, and one Welshman.

NUMEROUS ADMIRERS ON THE PRISON BARGE, Wallkill, City Point, Va.—Ben Perley Poore, did, on Wednesday, Nov. 11th, wheel a barrel of apples from West Newbury to Boston, on a wager lost on the Presidental election of 1856, accomplishing the distance in 2½ days, a distance of 36¾ miles including stoppages.

CHARLIER P., Montreal.—The dealer can give one, two or three cards each all round, but as he begins the round so he must continue. He may not give two to one, and three to another in the same round.

CHICAGO SUBSCRIBER.—1. We think you will have little difficulty in getting a chance to work your way to Valparaiso, South America, as hands are hard to get now-a-days. 2. We have no agency there, but our paper could be sent to you.

CHATHAM STREET.—"A raffle took place for a horse valued at $150—44 was thrown in the early part of the evening. A bets B $100 that 44 wins the horse—another man also throws 44. Does 44 win the horse?".....Yes.

SALMAGUNDI.—There are about 200 Brigadier Generals in the Volunteer Army with only 13 in the Regular Army—their total monthly pay amounts to something like $300 apiece.

SKIPWITH, Keokuk.—1. We think it good play to lead with the highest, if it is the highest. 2. Our opinion is that no player can go alone when a partner assists.

ADE BARNED, Virginia City, M. T.—1. Your subscription expires with No. 10, Vol. 13. 2. You had better write to the *Police Gazette*, Tryon Row, and then you will be sure to get it regularly.

MIKE H.—1. Exercising with clubs and dumb bells are as easy as falling off a log when you've once got the cue—between meals does as much good as any other time. 2. He is one of the best.

R. H. ARMSTRONG, Oneida.—For three months, $38. Remit $33 to balance account.

SQUIBEN.—Major Ben was born on Guy Fawkes Day, 1818, and worked at chair making when he was sixteen.

F.—Address Mr. Cooper, of Burton Club, care Military Hall, Bowery, opposite Spring street.

INQUIS, Louisville.—1. Paul Morphy. 2. Dudley Kavanagh. 3. Can't say. 4. Joe Coburn.

W. G. L., Exeter, N. H.—John C. Heenan was never a barber, neither did he ever keep a barber shop in this city. What next?

J. F., Pittsburgh.—By the Persia, in nine days, one hour and thirty minutes.

J. B. R., St. Louis.—If it is thought that one of the players "reniged," the cards can be examined.

M. E. R.—B, having no clubs, can throw away a diamond; he is not obliged to play a trump unless a trump is led.

JOE MILLER, Maine Hospital, Key West.—An alien enlisting in the navy is entitled to both the State and county bounty.

R. McC., Cincinnati.—Write to Harry Jennings—not being there we cannot say.

ARTHUR INGERSOLL, Bradford, Mass.—Not a copy of No. 29 in the office.

MONS. DOOLITTLE, Lancaster, Pa.—Not in our line. Must refer you to some D. D.

AGUR, Cleveland, O.—We shall be glad to hear from you whenever it may suit your convenience to write.

F. R., New York.—You pass Richmond bridge before that at Hampton.

SAM PATCH.—Pocahonta's fastest pacing time was 2:17½ against Pet.

P. S., Dubuque.—The spurs will cost you $6 per pair.

A SUBSCRIBER.—They are not, strictly speaking, home votes.

CONWAY TIM.—For one insertion 30 cents; three months $3.75.

FUN, Chicago.—No objection. Send 'em along at your leisure.

MONUMENTAL, Baltimore.—It is almost a matter of impossibility to decipher one half you write.

HARRY ASHLEY.—Your advertisement came too late for this week.

N. B.—The poem is advertised for sale most every week.

G. B.—Apply to a theatrical costumer.

C. KALLAHER, Nashville, Tenn.—We make no charge.

HOPKINTON, Mass.—The game being a tie, it is a stand off.

C. W., St. Louis.—Charlotte Thompson is not married.

BILLIARDS IN MONTANA.—On the 24th of October, a grand billiard match for $200 a side in specie, came off at the Montana Billiard Hall, Virginia City, between Adam Heizler, the Champion of the Territory, and James Kiskadden, Adam giving James discount. The game was 500 points up, and was won by Heizler beating his opponent by 104 points.

PAT CRONON'S FIRST BENEFIT.—This young fellow who is now matched to fight Jim Kerrigan for $2,000, for which event he is now in training at Tom Chaffer's, will make his first appearance in this City on Wednesday, Nov. 30, at the Stuyvesant Institute, the occasion being set apart for a complimentary benefit. There will, no doubt, be a big crowd to take stock of the Worcester young fellow, and as he has a good man to wind up with, viz., Ed. Tuohey, it will be worth seeing. Tickets, 50 cents.

DIABOLICAL PLOT.

AN attempt was made on Friday evening, Nov. 25th, to destroy the city of New York, by setting it on fire at various places and at about the same time. The hotels appear to have been the spots selected to start the conflagration, nearly all of them being set on fire in the neighborhood of 9 o'clock P. M. There seems to have been some bungling on the part of the incendiaries, for before their plans could be carried out, suspicions were awakened, the police were on the alert, and the city was saved. It was no doubt the intention of the scoundrels to level the metropolis to the ground, and for this purpose fires were started in different localities, so that the operations of the firemen should not be concentrated, and thereby rendered ineffective. It was also intended, probably, that while the conflagrations were raging, the reservoirs should be broken, or the mains conveying water to the city destroyed, and this accomplished, no human power could have prevented the complete destruction of New York. The plot was the result of a suggestion made a short time since by one of the Richmond papers, in which it was urged that the large cities in the north should be fired, that the men to do the work were already in those cities, and that it only needed money to put the plan into execution. The money appears to have been raised, and distributed, and the hired incendiaries have made an attempt to accomplish the work which they were engaged to perform. They have failed, however, and the Empire City still stands. If caught and convicted, the mercenaries will be executed without delay, as a warning to others similarly inclined.

The frustration of the diabolical plot in this city will prevent any attempt being made to set fire to other cities, as intended, and will make the Union feeling in this city stronger than it has ever before been.

A SAD END.—Verily, Jem Mace's conduct in his recent match with Coburn, has brought the Ex-Champion of England to a very humiliating position; indeed, reducing him to almost abject poverty. When the match was about being made, Coburn was anxious to make the stake smaller than was at first intended; but Mace came the bluff game, and insisted on having it for $2500 a side. Coburn finally acceded, and articles were signed. Since the sudden flight of Mace from Dublin, ending in the stakeholder declaring the match a draw, we gather the information that Mace had just as much as he could do to raise the amount of his deposits; in fact, but for Marry Brunton, the Ex-Champion would have had to forfeit, for want of funds to make his deposits good. And this, mind you, after Mace declaring he would not fight for less than $2500 a side, but would like to make it *double* that amount. And now that the affair is over, we find that Mace was compelled to pawn his cups and belt to help him make out his expenses, etc. Those trophies are still with "My Uncle," and an urgent appeal is made by the London sporting press for some kind friends to give him something towards getting his things out of pawn. *Bell's Life* says "the smallest trifle will be acceptable!" What a pitiable position for the boasting Ex-"Champion of England" to be placed in! Coburn, who would have preferred a smaller stake, agreed to the sum named by the "bluff party," and his deposits were placed in the hands of the stakeholder in advance, so that there should be no delay on his part; he paid his own way as he went, put nothing "in pawn," travels thousands of miles to get home, and has money remaining in his purse. Considering that we have a "terrible war going on in such an uneivilised country," while "peace reigns in the Queen's dominions," Joseph has much cause to be proud of his adopted country, and James has great reason to exclaim "save me from my friends!" "Will any kind gentleman lend a poor young widow five dollars to get her things out of pawn?"

We don't hear much of "Mace's secretary," Montague, since the fizzle. What has become of the "secretary?" By all means, do not let us lose sight of the "secretary." Mace's disinclination to fight Coburn in Ireland has not only been a crushing blow to Mace, Montague, and *suite*, but has given a shock to the "London P. R." from which it will not soon recover.

THANKSGIVING DAY was generally observed as a holiday throughout the extent of ground possessed and occupied by the U. S. Government. In this city, there was a great turn out of the people, the streets during the day being filled with gayly-dressed folks, of domestic culture and foreign importation. In the evening, the various places of amusement were all crowded, the treasurers having a busy time of it in dealing out tickets. Notwithstanding the loads of turkeys sent away, our producing and manufacturing friends contrived to have enough on hand to supply the home market at greatly increased prices. Altogether, Thanksgiving was a gala day, and, with the exception of not much thanks being given, all that Abraham designed it to be.

GONE INTO WINTER QUARTERS.—Vallandigham, "the martyr," gives notice that he has resumed the practice of the law at Dayton, Ohio. Its a wonder that the gentleman does not ask a pension from the government for the services he has rendered it.

GAME SUPPER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—A grand supper was given at the White House, 113 Grand street, on Saturday evening, the 26th ult., by several of our leading judges, barristers, merchants, hotel keepers, etc., in honor of Joe Coburn's return to his adopted country after his unsuccessful attempt at boarding the British lion, who proved himself everything but a lion, and to show their appreciation of him as a man. Some fifty invitations were issued, about thirty of whom answered the call, and at the hour appointed the invited guests were ushered into the splendidly furnished parlor of the White House, to find the tables loaded down with woodcock, quail, and all sorts of game, served up in a style fit for an emperor. Preliminary to the banquet, Mr. Allen Conrey was called to the chair, faced by Mr. Thos. H. Burns, and around the table we noticed Judge ——, F. Aug. Seaver, Captain Trundy, Alderman Jackson, Captain Gordon, T. B. Prendergast, and some twenty others. After partaking of the delicious birds so exquisitely cooked and seasoned, the company proceeded to toasting, speech making, recitations and singing. The glorious vintage was then brought on by the colored waiters, and during the evening, bottle after bottle was emptied after every toast, song, or sentiment. The CLIPPER and the Queen's Correspondent were given by Mr. Conrey, eliciting double cheers, and flowing goblets drank thereto. The health of Joe Coburn was also given and elicited huzzas from every tongue. Mr. Prendergast, the famous ballad singer, gave some of his sweetest melodies, while Mr. Conrey and Alderman Jackson sang divinely. Mr. Seaver made a brilliant recitation, evincing dramatic talent of the highest order. The chorus singing was immense, and the grand object seemed to be how to make each other happy. Coburn was ever attentive to his talented guests, anticipating their every want, and the whole affair passed off to the delight and satisfaction of all present.

GLADDING'S LAST AND BEST CARICATURE.—Nearly every body connected with the show folks or the better class of the sporting fraternity, know Gladding, of Fredericks' Photographic Establishment, as the Cruikshank of America, whose caricatures of leading actors, etc., are as familiar as the City Hall clock, and have been reproduced in many of our comic papers. In addition to his former collection, Mr. Gladding has added to his gallery a scene in the CLIPPER'S sanctum, representing one of our *corps* laying off in his easy chair, "dreaming the happy hours away." The aforesaid individual is seated with his feet perched up on his desk, asleep; one hand is encased in a boxing-glove, which holds a quill, while the other is acting as a support for his head. Around the floor and on the desk are scattered play bills and members of the CLIPPER; at the back of the chair lies a bull dog *couchant*, and the aforesaid "dorg," together with an Indian club and dumb-bell, seem to be there as protectors to the slumberer. In this position he dreams a dream, and in the background are the subjects thereof, representing scenes in the prize ring, billiard saloon, race track, dog, rat and cock pits, pedestrianism, boat racing, yachting, etc., and on the wall hangs a picture of La Belle Menken. On the top of the desk is a bust of Shakespeare; on the door a circus bill with a lifelike portraiture of one of Van Amburgh's mules, and the rider thereof; and underneath a bill of a big show held at the City Assembly Rooms some months ago, making a complete *chef d'œuvre*, and as cleverly a designed picture as we have seen for a long time. It has been pronounced by *connoisseurs* as one of the best things out.

THE BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.—Up to the time of writing, no day has been fixed for the playing of the match for the championship between the present holder of the "golden cue," Dudley Kavanagh, and William Goldthwait. According to the conditions of the championship, the champion for the time being is bound to play any challenger within a period of sixty days. Although that time has expired since Goldthwait announced his intention of a second time trying for the golden cue, and deposited the required $250 in the hands of the customary stakeholder, he has not yet been able to come to any arrangement with Kavanagh as to the time for the match. We now learn that unless the latter comes to some arrangement during the current week, Goldthwait intends claiming the championship and the cue, although he would prefer winning it in a fair, honorable contest on the "board of green cloth." What says the champion?

A REWARD of $100 is offered for the recovery of the body of Horace F. Jones, recently drowned in the river Delaware by the upsetting of the yacht Lillie F. A. Abel. "No. 215 North 6th st.," Philadelphia, offers the reward.

BILLIARDS.

THE OHIO STATE BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

Connecticut was first to take the initiative in the establishment of State billiard tournaments, whose object was the practical testing of the merits of professional and amateur billiard artists, and the deciding who amongst them was best entitled to be regarded as the Champion player of the State. The good example Connecticut thus set was promptly followed by the billiard artists of the Keystone State, and now we find Ohio following in thir footsteps. The well-known Billiard Champion of the West, Phil Tieman, of Cincinnati, is actively engaged in completing the requisite arrangements for the holding of the tournament in the "Queen City," and knowing his energy, industry and business qualities, we do not entertain the slightest doubt but that the enterprise will be brought to a successful and triumphant conclusion. The genial, whole-souled Phil has addressed a letter to a Cincinnati journal, which we willingly transcribe to our columns:—

CINCINNATI, NOV. 26.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As there appears to be a spirit in the different Eastern States of having a "Champion Cue" held by the most adept amateur billiard player in the State, the writer would suggest that the same thing should be adopted in our own State. That there is plenty of talent in Ohio to make competition for the championship interesting, I have not the least doubt; in fact, I believe that we have many amateurs who can hold successfully against many of the so-called experts. I feel satisfied we are not behind any state in talent of this description, and it needs but little exertion to bring it out, and show our Eastern friends what we have. I would, therefore, suggest that we have a Champion Cue for Ohio," the same to be played for and held upon similar terms as those in the Eastern States. The cost of such a cue would be about $200, which amount might be contributed by a few of the admirers of billiards. The writer would be willing to head the list with a liberal amount, and would take pleasure in receiving communications, and assist subscribers in perfecting all the arrangements necessary to carry the project through. I should be pleased to receive communications from different parts of the State, and when a sufficiency is subscribed, I will call the contributors together to adopt such rules as are essential.

Respectfully, PHIL. TIEMAN.

The response which the amateur billiard artists of the State made to this appeal was both warm and unanimous, and resulted in Mr. Tieman quickly finding himself in a position which justified him in ordering of the eminent billiard table manufacturers, Messrs. Phelan & Collender, of this city, a magnificent golden Cue, as the substantial emblem of the billiard Championship of the State of Ohio, and which is now in course of manufacture In our next issue, we hope to be able to announce the completion of the arrangements, both as regards time, place and number of contestants in this interesting billiard tourney.

BILLIARD TOURNAMENT IN UPPER CANADA.

The first annual provincial billiard tournament for Upper Canada commenced at Toronto, C. W., on Monday evening, Nov. 21st, and continued every afternoon and evening throughout the week. The scene of action was the Music Hall, which has been specially fitted up for the occasion, having one of Phelan & Collender's standard American billiard tables in the centre, with seats so arranged that a clear and uninterrupted view of the playing could be obtained from every part of the hall. The gallery was especially reserved for ladies and the gentlemen accompanying them, and quite a number of the fair sex patronized the exciting contests, and manifested great interest in the results of the various matches.

This tournament was the first of what is proposed to be an annual gathering of the billiard players of Canada to contend for the Championship. The affair originated with, and has been successfully carried out by Messrs. Riley and May, of the "Revere House," in Toronto, to whom great credit is due for the admirable arrangements adopted. There were seven entries for the three prizes offered, viz., Mr. Brown, Toronto; Mr. Cronin, Peterborough; Mr. Miller, Clifton; Mr. Jakes, Cobourg; Mr. Cheesebrough, Toronto; Mr. Phillips, Oshawa; and Mr. May, Toronto. The first prize was the "Champion Cue," manufactured of rosewood and Canadian maple, and elegantly mounted with gold and mother of pearl. This cue will be annually contended for, and the winner, while he can continue to hold it, will be entitled to the name of "the Champion billiard player of Upper Canada," and provided he wins it at three successive tournaments, it becomes his sole unconditional property.

The tournament commenced with a trial of skill between Mr. Brown of Toronto, and Mr. Jakes of Cobourg. The game played in every instance was the American four ball carom game, with two and three-eighth inch balls, 500 points up, and, as in the Pennsylvania State tournament, the "push shot" was ruled out. For the good judgment and advocacy of true billiards—manifested by the Canadian players in the adoption of this step, they are entitled to the approval of all who have the true interests of the game at heart. In the opening game, Mr. Jakes proved the victor by 160 points, scoring 500 to his opponent's 340. The winner's average was 7-59, and highest run 68. The loser's average was 5-25, and highest run 49.

On the afternoon of the second day of the tournament (Tuesday) the first contestants were Messrs. Cronin of Peterborough and Miller of Clifton. The latter won the game by 203 points, the scores being—Miller, 500; Cronin, 297. The winner's average was 7.17, and highest run 38; the loser's 4.25 and 22 respectively. The second game was between Messrs. S. May of Toronto and W. Phillips of Oshawa. The former took a strong lead at first, at one time being over one hundred points ahead; but Mr. Phillips, making a few good runs, got on equal terms with him on commencing the last hundred. Mr May eventually won by 77 points, the scores being 500 and 423. The winner's average 6.14, and highest run 38; the loser's 5.23 and 24. In the evening Mr. Cheesebrough, an amateur of Toronto, and Mr. Jakes of Cobourg played the first game; the latter won by 143 points. The victor's average was 7.45, and highest run 48; the loser's 5.37 and 25. Messrs. May and Brown, both of Toronto, were the next players, and their game was very closely contested throughout, some brilliant play being exhibited by each. May eventually won by 55 points; his average was 6.38, and highest run 48; Brown's average 5.60, and highest run 43.

On the third day, (Wednesday) Messrs. Phillips and Cronin opened the afternoon's proceedings; the latter winning by 42 points. The winners average was 4-92 and highest run 38; the vanquished averaged 4-50, and his highest run was 31. Messrs. Miller and Cheeseborough next entered the lists, the former triumphing over his amateur opponent. The scores when game was called were Miller 500; Cheeseborough 389. The former's average was 7-10, and highest run 32; the latters' 5-44, and 33 respectively. The next match was between Messrs Cronin and Jakes, and was well contested throughout; the latter winning at last by 169 points. His average was 8-12 (the highest obtained in the tournament up to this time) and his highest run 34. The losers average was 5-26, and highest run 38. The final game of the day was between Messrs. Brown and Miller, and was the best and most closely contested of the series. The partners seemed about equal in point of skill and execution, and played with the utmost care and caution. Throughout the game there was not at any time a difference of over 60 points in their respective scores, and more than once they turned the string together. The game was watched with the greatest interest, as from the equality of the scores it was impossible to say with certainty which would win. Toward the close of the game, however, Mr. Brown crept a little ahead, and after making several good runs he left himself only one to go. Mr. Miller succeeded in closing on him, and was gradually creeping up, when he failed to count and left an easy break on which Mr. Brown went out, winning the game by 33 points only. The winner's average was 8 28 and highest run 41; the loser's average 7-58 and highest run 50.

On Thursday, the fourth day, it was found necessary to commence play at an earlier hour, in consequence of the number of games to be played, and 11 o'clock was the time fixed upon. The first game was between Messrs. Phillips and Jakes, and resulted in favor of the latter, who up to this time had been victorious in all his matches. When game was called the scores stood as follows:—Jakes, 500; Phillips, 392—winner's average and highest run, 8.4 and 43; loser's, 5.42 and 42. The second game was between Messrs. Cheeseborough and May, and was the closest and most exciting contest of the tournament. At no time was there a difference of over 40 points, and the play on both sides elicited a unanimous expression of admiration and commendation from the spectators. Mr. Cheeseborough, as we have already said, is but an amateur, while Mr. May is well known and recognized as one of the very best players in the province. The closeness of the result consequently astonished every one. On the last string Mr Cheeseborough had only 12 points to go, and his opponent 40; the latter making a couple of misses, gave Mr May a chance, which he availed himself of, and won the game by *twelve points only*. The winner's average was 5.45, and highest run 39; Cheeseborough's average 5.33, and highest run 29.

The third game was between Messrs Brown and Cronin; the latter took the lead from the commencement, and maintained it throughout, winning by 147 points. The winner's average was 7.17, and highest run 40; the loser's 5.8 and 26. The next (fourth) game was between Messrs. May and Miller, the latter winning by 159 points. His average was 7.53, and highest run 48; the loser's 5.26 and 28 respectively. The fifth game of the day was between Messrs. Phillips and Cheeseborough, in which the amateur player proved himself too strong for his professional opponent; the scores being—Cheeseborough, 500; Phillips, 453. The winner's average was 5.10; highest run, 35; loser's 4 61 and 39. Messrs. Jakes and Miller played the sixth game; the former made the highest run (60) hitherto made, and won the game by 113 points. His average was 7.25, and that of his opponent, Mr. Miller, 5.43, and highest run 29.

On Friday afternoon the tournament was resumed by Messrs. Brown and Phillips, whose match created a good deal of interest. It was a very close affair, Mr Brown winning by seven points only. The winner's average was 5.45, and highest run 29; the loser's 5.38 and 34. Messrs. Cronin and May followed, and another close game was witnessed, the former winning by *two points*. Cronin's average was 5.25, and highest run 34; May's 5.23, and highest run 43.

In the evening Messrs. Jakes and May played the first game; Mr. Jakes had won five games and Mr May four, consequently the contest between them was looked forward to with very great interest, and attracted the largest attendance of the tournament. Mr Jakes took a decided lead, and soon was 100 points ahead. Mr May, no way discouraged, played with surprising coolness, judgement, and execution, making one run of 64, and gradually overhauling and passing his opponent, won the game by 89 points. The winner's average was 7.38, and highest run 64; the loser's average 6.15, and highest score 41. Messrs. Cheesborough and Brown followed, and the latter won by 199 points. The winner's average was 8.20, and highest run 38; the loser's 5.11 and 26. The last match was between Messrs Phillips and Miller, the latter winning by 88 points; the scores being—Miller, 500; Phillips, 412.

The result of the tournament leaves Mr Jakes the winner of the tournament, and a tie in the games won between Messrs. Miller and May for

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or lending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DONELEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs.....$5 per pair
" 10 to 12 " ..... 6 " "
Dumb Bells, from.....$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, BOX 4810, Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention.

All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 23-tf

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No. 118 GRAND STREET, one door from Broadway,
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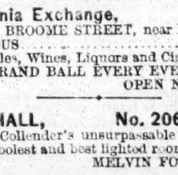
Wines, Liquors, Ales, Cigars, and everything of the best quality.
SPLENDID COLLECTION OF SPORTING PRINTS ON VIEW.
Strangers should not leave town without calling at the White House. JOE COBURN &
CAPTAIN SAUNDERS,
22 Proprietors.

TRY HARRY JENNINGS'



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HARRY JENNINGS,
32 Portland street, Boston.
Agents wanted. 28

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 16-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $6. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
14-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON,"
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
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Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition. 27-3m

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY.....Proprietor.
No. 69 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 33

THE X-10-U-8,
No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS.....Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 52-tf

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. (8-tf

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
126 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. TRAINOR, Proprietor.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
34-tf MICHAEL TRAINOR.

The California Exchange,
NO. 428 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
JOHNNY LAZARUS.....Proprietor.
The very best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
A GRAND BALL EVERY EVENING.
17. OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

BILLIARD HALL, No. 206 Eighth Avenue.
Five of Phelan & Collender's unsurpassable tables; the Bar well stocked and the coolest and best lighted rooms in the city.
12-tf MELVIN FOSTER, Proprietor.

"Sportsman's Hall,"
COR. THIRD AND WOOD STS., PITTSBURGH, PA.
JOHNNY LOUDON hereby informs his friends and the sporting public that this famous hostelrie is now second to none in the country for its SUPERIOR VIANDS, and CIGARS, GIGANTIC PORTRAIT GALLERY, and general Fixtures.
PUBLIC SPARRING every Saturday evening.
PRIVATE INSTRUCTION in the Art of BOXING by
21-3m* JOHNNY LOUDON.

Fulton Ale Vaults.
ED. LOWERY,
Is happy to inform his old friends that he is once more at his Old Stand.
59 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
Where the choicest ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, and SEGARS, are kept constantly on hand. Free and Easy every evening.
Free use of Dumb Bells, Clubs, and Gloves. 28-3m*

Rocky Moore & Barney Friday,
Are on hand to welcome all the Sporting Band,
First-class Swells or Lady Killers—
Farmers' Sons and the Guerrillas,
All will here be treated right,
And welcome find both day and night.
THE 10-40 LOAN,
14 EAST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK.
M. H. MOORE, [27-3m] B. FRIDAY.

Arbor House,
NO. 5 SEDGWICK, ONE DOOR FROM COLUMBIA STREET, BROOKLYN.
JOHNNY KEATING & MIKE J. HEARN....Proprietors.
Best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars constantly on hand. Sparring Lessons given every Monday and Wednesday evening by Johnny Keating. All SPORTING INFORMATION to be learned at this House. 29-3m*

The Greenroom,
No. 221 CENTRE STREET,
Three doors from Grand street, New York.
THOMPSON & WRAY, PROPRIETORS.
The best of
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS.
GEO. W. THOMPSON. 32-tf* WM. WRAY.
N. B.—Two first class Club Rooms to let.

Do Drop In,
BY BILLY DONNELLY.
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.
156 AVENUE C, corner of Tenth street, New York. 26

A NEW CANDIDATE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

HENRY BERNARD REPLIES TO JOE COBURN.

Not wishing to have Mr. Bernard or any of his Baltimore friends say that we were "prejudiced" in the matter, although we never before heard of the gentleman, neither does he send the first red cent, we make room for his letter, and give it *verbatim et literatim*, except an illiteration in the spelling thereof:

EUTAW HOUSE, BALTIMORE, Nov. 27.

MR. FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK CLIPPER: Sir: I see in your paper that Joe Coburn does challenge any man in the U. S. for $10,000. Now, Mr. Queen, you advertise this note in your paper, and if you see Coburn, tell him I shall accept his challenge. He can see me any fine day at the Eutaw House, or answer by letter. Tell him to direct his letter to me, on board the receiving ship Alleghany, as I do mean business. If he accepts this challenge I shall send you $400 deposit in eight days from this date. Signed by myself, HENRY BERNARD.

PETER MARTIN PROTESTS AGAINST ROCKEY MOORE'S DECISION.

HE DEFINES HIS POSITION—HE WANTS TO FIGHT OVER AGAIN FOR THE MONEY ORIGINALLY STAKED.

We have received the following communication from Peter Martin concerning the late fight:

NEW-YORK, Nov. 29th, 1860.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER: SIR:—I wish to make a statement of all the particulars in the late fight between myself and Harris. I gave him the choice of ground, and he was to let me know three days before fighting. There was but one train going there the morning before the fight, and if I missed that train he would have the money without fighting for it. I and ten of my friends from Philadelphia got there at 6 o'clock that evening, and Harris was there training two weeks before, and Jack Leonard had everything made all right with the boys around Scranton to beat me out of the fight, as they owned to it afterwards. When they came to the ring they would not have any person for referee but one of their own friends—so it was agreed to toss for somebody; they won the toss and called on their friend Rockey Moore, who said he would give fair play, but forgot to do so. My friends and Harris's friends and the referee had an understanding that the first foul committed on either side should be overlooked, but on repetition of a foul blow, the referee could use his own judgment, which he owns to himself. Up to the sixth round no foul had been committed, but in that round Harris made a pass at me and tried to get down before a blow had been delivered on either side, and to prevent him from getting down I held him up by the neck. His knees were never on the ground, although some say they were. I asked the referee if it was right, and understood him to say yes, when I commenced punching Harris, and Harris went to work biting me, until my seconds told me that the referee said I must let go of him. By that time the police were in the ring, and the ropes cut in Harris's corner, as the Marshall said he had $200 on Harris, and that he wasn't going to lose it—that the Irishman would kill him; but as long as he was getting the best of the Irishman, it was all right. All hands had to leave without any decision being given. The referee said that he would not give it against me if the police had kept away, but that he would give me another chance according to the agreement, and now, because they came and broke in the ring, I must lose the money, which I consider the most barefaced robbery ever committed. I was not licked, but when I am I will give in, and not before. I want Harris to fight me over again for the money, and if he refuses I insist upon the money being drawn. As for Harris's friends saying they would match me against any man I want to fight, I want them to understand that I will fight any white man in America, bar neither size or weight, country or creed, for not less than $1,000 a side."

Yours, etc., PETER MARTIN.

GOT A NEW HUSBAND.—Dame Rumor has it that the wife of the late Chief, Thomas Hyer, has been and gone and done it and got married to a gallant and valiant ex-major of the Federal army, who has been led into camp by the aforesaid widow lady. The Major has done his country gallant service on the field of Mars, been captured before, and banqueted in Libby Prison, but his falling into the meshes laid for him by Hymen is the most surprising of all—at least, to us it is. The affair was kept pretty shady, but we heard it from an unmistakable source.

ANENT HITTIN' OFF.—After the "discourse" arising out of the giving up of the stakes in the late fight had subsided, and the lookers on thereof had taken their hook for other quarters, a lively little scrimmage occurred *sub rosa* in a resort for fast lads and lassies in the street called Houston, forninst Crosby. It appears that some time ago Rockey Moore got badly clubbed by the police on account of Joe Graham, and that he has been waiting for a chance to get hunk. It also appeareth that Noble and Jim Brown of Cleveland likewise had a difficulty in the merry days of old. With this understanding, or rather misunderstanding, the quartet met in the cold chilly month of November, the time being the occasion of our National Thanksgiving and turkey-eating day, and seeing a glorious opportunity, the two New Yorkers made for the two provincials, and alone and single-handed, Dan and Matt did there and then proceed to get hunk on Jim and Joe; and to a looker on, the "melee" partook of all the interest of a pitched "battuel." It only lasted about a minute and a half, but one party got floored to a certainty, and blood was spilt on this day set apart for giving thanks. Tumblers did also fly in all directions, and altogether there was a merry time among the four gay sports. What damage was done we haven't learned, but as they were hand to hand and man to man when the ruction began, the vanquished party cannot bring forth the argument that they were double-banked. Such is life in Houston street.

ZEB WARD STILL LIVES.—A correspondent, writing from Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 21st, says: "In your issue of the 19th, I saw a statement to the effect that John Harper and Zeb. Ward had been murdered by guerrillas, which statement please allow me to correct. Both gentlemen are still in the land of the living. The three brothers Harper were attacked in their house near Midway, and Adam Harper was killed, when the guerillas drew off. Zeb. Ward, in a note to the *Louisville Journal*, says that he was greatly surprised to hear of his death, and that he is still alive and kicking.

A CREES OF KIX SETS-2 came off last week in the suburbs of this city, for an aggregate amount of $3200. The first took place on the 17th ult., between Harry Jennings' dog Crib, of Boston, and Sheffield George's dog Spring, of New York. They fought for $200, at 23½ lbs., and Harry's dog won in 1hr. 5min.....The second took place on the morning of the 22d, postponed from the previous day on account of police interference, and was between Bowler, of Boston, and Tip, of Philadelphia, for $2000, at 25¼ lbs: Bowler won in 1hr. 5min.....The third took place on the 22d: Kate, of Boston, and Fly, of Brooklyn, were the contestants, for $1000, at 16½ lbs. Kate defeated Fly. Harry Jennings was the owner of the three winning dogs. He has been very fortunate of late, having won no less than $2500 in less than thirty days! That beats gold speculation, and caps everything in zoological annals we believe.

TURN UP BETWEEN ROCHE AND MCGLADE.—The rival Johnnies, who were matched to fight some years ago, but didn't, met the other evening in a famous sporting drum down town, had a quarrel, and not wishing to stand like two old women jawing all day, they adjourned to the back room, off coat and things, seconds were chosen, and at it they went for love, fighting like game cocks some thirty-two minutes and twelve rounds, when it ended in a draw. The punishment inflicted on Roche's body is said to have been very severe. When next they meet may we be there to see.

ALL POPPYCOCK.—The "splurge" of some city penny-a-liner concerning Joe Coburn, Michael Norton and Rocky Moore having gone to the Fifth Ward Hotel to raise thunder at a primary election, is most emphatically denied by the three gladiators. It was evidently an invention of the enemy to injure Norton's prospects for aldermanic honors, but it won't wash, and has failed in its object.

NO MONEY FROM DUNN AND DWYER.—Up to the time of going to press we had seen nothing of the money that was to have been put up at Pat. Murphy's, corner Degraw and Columbia on the 22d of November. We refer to the seventh deposit of $100 a side. What's the matter?

WANTS TO FIGHT.—Bill Wellington, (no relation to the Duke) now at City Point, Va., writes that in two months from November 23, he will make a point for this city for the laudable purpose of tackling any 128 or 130 lb. man in this vicinity for from $500 to $1000 a side. Wellington has never been in the ring, but Wellington wants to try his hand bad.

QUICK WORK.—Tom Rooney and Bill Johns, on the 16th of November, laid a wager of $50 that they could kick a bullock and chop it in two in less time than Messrs. McIntyre, Burns, Crib, and Shafer could do it in, and the trial took place in the United States Slaughter House at Nashville, Tenn., where all the above named parties are employed, on the 17th ult., commencing at 3 P. M. The skinning and halving was accomplished in three minutes, Rooney and Jones winning by two seconds. The referee, Mr. Kallahen, says it was the most spirited feat with the hands he ever witnessed. There were some three hundred spectators present.

CON OREM CHALLENGED BY HUGH O'NEIL.—The Colorado Champion has been challenged by Hugh O'Neil, of Salt Lake, to fight for $1500 in gold dust, and Hugh had arrived in Virginia City, Montana Territory, where Con keeps a sporting house, and called to pay his compliments to John Condle, but John was not at home. They were to have met on the 26th of October to make a match.

BILL DAVIS VS. CON OREM.—There is a man in Virginia City, M. T., authorized to put up $1000 in gold for Bill Davis to fight Con Orem, and a "card" had been published to that effect, but up to last advices Orem had put in no reply. We think John will have his hands full out there.

TWO RING FIGHTS AT MONTANA.—Dave Sumner and George Riley fought a fight on Oct. 1st at Virginia City, M. T., for $200 a side, hard cash, which was won by Sumner in eleven rounds, on account of Riley striking him foul. Both lads were feather weights. Abe Barned was one of Sumner's seconds. On the 7th of October, Tom Jones and Bob Rollins fought to see who was the best man, same place as above, and kept up the fun for an hour and twenty minutes, fifty-four rounds being fought, when Jones did strike Rollins most foul, and thereby lost the battle.

CHARLEY GROVESTEEN'S PICTURE GALLERY.—The interior of the Champion Music Hall has been turned into a fine sporting picture gallery (still retaining its pretty waiter girls), having sixteen of the rarest kind, and not to be seen elsewhere. The gallery consists of the following-named boxers in fighting costume:—Jem Ward, Ben Caunt, Owen Swift, Deaf Burke, Beudigo, Tom Cribb, Dutch Sam, Johny Walker, Tom Paddock, Nat Langham, John C. Heenan, Tom Sayers, Jem Mace, George Thompson, and Chris Lilly—some in oil.

NED HARDING gives a concert at New Temperance Hall, Brooklyn, on the 5th inst., consisting of comic and sentimental singing, jig dancing, banjo playing, etc., etc., and all for a quarter.

PATSY COAKLEY will run any man in America a ten or a twenty mile race for $500. Man and money ready at James Dor's, 276 Medford st., Charlestown, Mass.

TESTIMONIAL BENEFIT TO JOHNNY HICKEY.—The light-built little Johnny Hickey, conqueror of Jerry Noon's novice, against big odds, on the 26th of March, 1860, in Canada, and who fought such a slashing battle with George Morton in the same ring as Denny Horrigan and Billy Clarke, is to be the recipient of a complimentary at the Stuyvesant Institute on Monday next, Dec. 5, when a great gathering of the little 'uns will show up, and many of the big 'uns. For the wind up Billy Donnelly will engage Hickey with the gloves, and all for 50 cents. Turn out!

CALIFORNIA AGAIN.—Dominick Lynch, the great canine sport from California, expects to sail for home on the 3d inst. Dominick has been in the City for some months, and during his stay here has made friends by thousands. He appears to be a wholesouled, generous fellow, ready for any kind of sport so long as it is sport. We wish him a speedy and pleasant voyage.

SETTLED FOR THE WINTER.—Billy Donohue, for many years sole lessee and proprietor of the Hotel de Irish, has resumed his position as head clerk of the White House in Grand street, and if you're goin' no place, says Billy, you might as well go there. Donohue's a case, and however he managed to avoid catching cold in the late draft case, Wilhelm Donohue vs. Wrehawken, is a mysterious mystery. Smoke?

GIVING UP THE STAKES.—The ceremony of handing over the "paper" to the winner in the late fight between Martin and Harris, according to the decision of the referee, was carried out with considerable *eclat* at the house of the stakeholder, 26 East Houston street, on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, as noticed in our last. It being a holiday, the Club Room was full of friends of the winner, who, together with Bob Corcoran and others, were let out of durance vile the latter part of last week, but neglected to show up until the "au-picious occasion." Among the crowd were Jim Brown, of Cleveland, Jim Colbert, Jack Leonard, Dan Noble, Bassford, Rockey Moore, Barney Aaron, Nobby Clarke, Joe Graham, and forty odd more. Peter Martin was there also, solitary and alone, to enter his protest against the giving up of the money; but it was of no avail, as the referee had given his fiat, and the stakeholder, according to his promise in the presence of Martin when he was made stakeholder, gave it up according to the referee's decision, than which he could not do otherwise. Accordingly the $2000 were handed over to Harris. In justice to the winning party we may state that Harris offered to make Martin a present of $50, as did also Colbert, Leonard, and Moore, making $300 in all; but Martin said it wasn't the money he cared for—it was the fight, and he didn't think the decision was a just one. Instances were cited to clear the stakeholder of doing other than his duty, whatever the after clap may be, and we can't see what blame can be attached to Hill in the matter. After consuming considerable malt at Harry's, the victors, to whom belong the spoils, made a move for Jem Colbert's, where "wine, rosy wine" flowed like water—song and sentiment reigned supreme, and the party had a jolly good time. The services of James Ellis, the baritone and chairman at Hastings, were called into play, and he gave a couple of his best songs, followed by Noble, Colbert, Harris, and Bassford in humorous and pathetic melodies. From Colbert's the crowd visited Rockey Moore's, Barney Friday's, Jack Leonard's, looking in at Ed. Wilson's, and making a night of it; while poor Martin, left deserted and alone, in slow, measured steps, wended his way homewards. Whether a suit will be entered against the stakeholder is not yet known, but such a thing is threatened by some of Martin's Philadelphia friends, who feel quite sore about the termination of the Scranton affair.

THE TOM O'DONNELL COMPLIMENTARY.—Joe Coburn has undertaken the getting up of the O'Donnell benefit with a spirit and vim which does him credit, and extensive preparations are being made to give the old veteran a bumper. In the absence of any larger hall, the Stuyvesant has been secured for the 18th of Dec., when Jim Heenan, Bobby Moore, Con Fitzgerald, and all the talent will gladly assist Uncle Tom. The sensation of the evening will be the glove encounter between Joe Coburn and Bat. Davis, the latest arrival from California, who will make no child's play of it, but each one go in on his best, which will make the affair highly exciting. $1 is the tariff to all parts of the house.

NOT OUR CROW.—The Crow mentioned in our last as having been mixed up in a "melee" in Brooklyn is a sport by the name of Murray, and not Captain Michael Norton, who is now candidate for alderman in the third district, as some have been led to imagine. Murray's name was given in the account, and how Norton's name could have been conglomerated as the striker, we don't exactly see.

OFF FOR BUFFALO.—Jim Feeman intends shortly to make a trial trip up among the Buffaloes, and will be accompanied by Prof. Whitney, Milage Cornell, and other scientific boxers, together with Ed Russell, the famous club swinger, so we are informed by the proposed agent, S. D. Kehoe. We see no just cause or impediment why they shouldn't succeed in getting up a mammalian show for the Buffalonians.

COMING ROUND.—Tom O'Donnell has so far recovered as to be able to take his walk on fine days; but he is yet very weak, and it will be a long—long time before he gets entirely over his illness.

GOT BACK.—Jim Cusick and Johnny Mackey returned from England on the 25th ult., in the steamship Etna.

ALL FIXED UP.—Mike Trainor's restaurant, bar and oyster saloon, on the corner of Pearl and Chatham streets, has been entirely repainted and decorated throughout, and several new improvements made, which gives the Saddle Rock the appearance of a little palace. Michael, he of auburn hair repute, has settled down in his winter quarters, and will be ready to give instructions in the noble art of self-defence, than whom we know of no more gentlemanly, capable, or honest a person than this same Mike Trainer. His number is 126 Chatham street, easy of access to all classes at all times and seasons.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—The visitors to Barnum's Museum on Thanksgiving Day have had great occasion for giving up thanks to the polite and ever watchful Sheriff McNamee, who is special officer there, for his exertions in preventing the light-fingered gentry from plying their nefarious avocation, and being able to go home with all their jewels and greenbacks intact and indivisable.

THE LATE SCRIMMAGE IN BROOKLYN.—Tommy Meekin has handed us the annexed card in defence of himself and his friends, which we cheerfully give an insertion:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER—Dear Sir: In your last week's paper, and under the heading of "Brooklyn Boys on their Muscle," there are certain statements which tend to do great injustice, both to myself and friends. In the first place, the party which the author of the article alluded to styles "Meekin's party," assembled quietly, and were sociably drinking together, and did not, "by a sort of natural instinct," fetch up to a house in Fulton street. If a quarrel did ensue, it was not the fault of myself or friends. I personally do not remember of ever having seen Crow Murray, and consequently "my mug did not look in every shape but the right one." I would not have noticed the article in your paper were it not for the sake of my friends, and if either Mr. Crow or any of his party wish to try their metal with me I will fight any one of them for $100, in a room, on twelve hours' notice. Man and money ready at Mike Trainor's, corner of Pearl and Chatham streets, New York. Yours, etc., THOMAS MEEKIN.

JIM KERRIGAN, matched to fight Pat. Cronon, is taxing his breathings at Mark Maguire's, where on Sunday hosts of the sports, including Johny Mackey, went out to see him.

AQUATIC.

REGATTA AT HOBOKEN.

THE ATLANTA CLUB CLOSES THE SEASON.

THE Atlanta Boat Club of this city kept Thanksgiving day in a rational manner by holding a regatta at Hoboken, which proved to be a successful affair, inasmuch as the various prizes were well contended for; while the social part of the day's proceedings were of the most pleasing character. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the members of the club and a number of invited guests assembled at the boat-house, foot of Christopher street, and proceeded to the racing course, situated off the Elysian Fields, Hoboken. There was just wind enough blowing to slightly ripple the water.

THE FIRST RACE was in four-oared club boats, between a crew of married and a crew of single members of the club. This was a closely-contested race, resulting on the home stretch in the victory of the married crew by two seconds. The distance rowed was three miles. Time—married crew, 27m. 13s.; single crew, 27m. 17s.

THE SECOND RACE was the principal event of the day. It was a five mile race with a single pair of sculls between Mr. Swan of the Atlanta, and Mr. Conger of the Waverly Club, for the champion belt, a beautiful silver belt manufactured by Tiffany. About half-past two o'clock in the afternoon the contestants were seated in their boats. The word go was given soon afterwards, and away they went, Mr. Swan evidently pulling a much steadier oar than Mr. Conger, who was somewhat nervous, though having rather more muscle than his opponent. The course was a mile and a quarter long, and it was necessary to row over it four times, turning the stake-boat twice, the judge's boat once. As the boats came in sight on the first two and a half miles, Swan was seen to be ahead of Conger by several lengths, and making a beautiful turn around the judge's boat, he kept his lead. On the home-stretch Swan still had the advantage, which he held to the close, winning the race and the belt handsomely in 50m. 10sec. When he came in, the spectators who lined the shore in crowds, and were in small boats, yachts and tugs, gave deafening cheers. Mr. Conger's time was 53min. 10sec.

THE THIRD EVENT was a scrub race for a single pair of sculls and was rowed by by the members of the club and won by Mr. Roahr. The prize for this race was presented by David Banks, Jr., and consisted of a solid silver cup, knife, fork, spoon and napkin-ring.

THE FOURTH EVENT, although not of the same kind, was nevertheless of equal general interest, and consisted of a banquet at Vallman's Hotel, Hoboken, where solids and liquids were rationally though heartily partaken of, followed by oratorial displays on oratorial subjects by various members and their friends, who felt that the boating interest of New York had been materially assisted by this regatta. The Atlanta Club is fourteen years old—the oldest amateur boat club in the city. The present officers are H. H. Dyer, president; Alden S. Swain, vice-president; William C. Mainland, secretary; and Washington M. Haddock, treasurer. Taken altogether, the Atlantics passed an exceedingly pleasant Thanksgiving day, which each and all will long remember.

LATER FOREIGN SPORTS.

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

MACE TO FIGHT THE WINNER.—Joe Wormald and Andrew Marsden, candidates for the much coveted belt of the Championship of England, still continue to make good their "weekly payments." A further sum of £10 a side was deposited on Thursday evening, Nov. 10, at Bob Travers', Castle street, Leicester Square, in the presense of a large number of the sporting *habitues* of that West-end establishment. Nottingham-bred Marsden was present, and looked as bold and as manly as any of Robin Hood's jovial *confreres* in the merry glades of Sherwood. Joe Wormald never showed up; and it cannot but be regretted that such indifference should be exhibited by men themselves and amongst the sporting public in not attending the houses, either West or East, on such important occasions as the staking of the regular deposits. The proceedings were necessarily of a more formal character, and not a bet quoted. The cash, however, was banked in due time with the final stakeholder, and every thing is consequently going on smoothly. George Ilea, who was beaten by Wormald some few months back, was present at the meeting at Travers', and goes to attend upon Marsden in his training. The next instalment, of £10 a side, is to be made good at Alec Keene's, Thursday, Nov. 15.

Mace states that he is willing to make a match to fight the winner of the Championship on the customary terms of £200 a side and the belt. He adds that he will be ready to put down £25 to bind the wager immediately after Wormald and Marsden's fight terminates. Mace's intention to re-enter the Ring may fairly be attributed to the disappointment he experienced in the late bogus match between him and Coburn and to his strong desire once more to gain possession of the belt. Mace wishes his backers in his late match to communicate at once with him as to their being paid, to the care of Mr. Abrahams, Oriental Music Hall, Poplar. Jem's agent was to shortly start for Holland and Prussia, to make arrangements for giving grand sparring entertainments in Calle's Circus. Mace's *troupe* is said to include a selection of English boxers, who are rejoicing in anticipation of their promised Continental tour.

THE LATE FIGHT BETWEEN BOB TYLER AND GEORGE CROCKETT.—The stakes in this match were given up to the winner on Thursday, Nov. 17, at the Founders' Arms, Osborne street, Whitechapel. Bob states that he does not intend fighting again, and that all challenges will be useless. Crockett's discomfiture has met with a kind and manly response at the hands of his patrons, who call to mind that during his career he has ever acted uprightly to them. Taking all these things into consideration, his patrons have determined upon giving him a complimentary benefit at one of the East end theatres, but the fixture has not yet been announced. At the West end, too, the impression in Crockett's favour is equally prevalent; for we find that Nat Langham has received a commission from some of the "upper ten thousand" to tender George a benefit at the Mitre, St. Martin's lane. As Crockett has a wife and six children, it will be a positive charity to relieve his necessities, and put him in a position to gain a livelihood for himself and those who are utterly dependent upon him.

BETTING ON PRIZE FIGHTING.—At the Secondaries Court, Guildhall, Nov. 11, was tried the case of Budworth *versus* Coney, it being an action sent down from the Court of Exchequer to recover £5, money deposited with the defendant as a bet upon the result of a match made between Job Cobley and Jem Dillon. Mr. Butler Digby appeared for the plaintiff, a cork-cutter, of Bone-street, Leicester, and Mr. Denny, for the defendant, of the Haymarket, Californian Inn. The latter staked the sum specified, and when Dillon refused to go on with the match, tried for the £5 back. He applied to Coney for the money Langham was called, and gave evidence that he entrusted the plaintiff with the money to make the match, and that he had been repaid by Coney. The jury asked the judge whether, if Langham lent the money, the plaintiff could recover. The Secondary: "Oh, yes; it is quite a simple matter." The jury unanimously found a verdict for the plaintiff. The Secondary granted a certificate: and Mr. Denny, for defendant, said he should move the court above.

AN IRISH ANOMALY.—An Irish physician was called to examine the corpse of another Irishman, who had been assassinated. "This person," said he, after inspecting the body, "was so ill that if he had not been murdered he would have died half an hour before."

AMUSEMENTS.

WINTER GARDEN.
MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 28TH,
and every evening until further notice,
EDWIN BOOTH,
in Shakespeare's play of
HAMLET.
This piece will be placed on the stage under the immediate direction of Mr. Booth, by Mr J. G. Hanley, stage manager, in a style, it is hoped, combining splendor of production with strict historical correctness. The piece has been in active preparation for the last three months, and no expense or effort has been spared in the endeavor by a more strict pictorial arrangement of the ordinary stage resources, and by the fidelity, appropriateness and superior execution of the several means of scenic illusion, to carry out the spirit of the play into the most minute details, and thus advance the drama as a branch of national literature and art.
The scenery, music, costumes, properties and machinery will be entirely new, and to give a perfect completeness to the cast, engagements have been made with
MRS. J. W. WALLACK, JR.,
MR. EDWIN VARREY,
MR. CHARLES KEMBLE MASON,
MR. THOMAS PLACIDE,
all of whom will make their first regular appearance for many years on the New York stage on this occasion.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOODROFFE'S
BOHEMIAN TROUPE OF GLASS BLOWERS
ARE ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL.
THE PRESS PRAISE THEM.
THE PEOPLE ALL VISIT AND APPLAUD THEM.
THEY WILL CONTINUE TO FILL
HOPE CHAPEL, 720 BROADWAY,
EVERY EVENING,
AND WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, AT THREE P. M.,
SEE THE GLASS STEAM-ENGINE. 34

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
NOTICE—CHANGE OF TIME.
Doors open at 6½. Commence at 7½ o'clock.
THE LIQUOR DEALERS, THE CONSCRIPTS,
RIP TEARING JOHNNY, THE ECHO,
CAMILLE, BROADWAY BELLE, BANJO SOLOS,
DEAR MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO EAT,
COME WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING,
THOUGHTFUL EMOTIONS,
GREENBACKS,
&c., &c., &c.,
BY
THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
TICKETS 50 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
NOTICE.—No connection with any traveling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 34

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
199 and 201 BOWERY, opposite Spring street.
ARE
STILL GAINING
POPULARITY,
HOUSES CROWDED
NIGHTLY.
EVERYBODY DELIGHTED.
ANOTHER GREAT CHANGE.
The performances of this
MASTER BAND,
PRONOUNCED SECOND TO NONE,
AND
SUPERIOR TO ALL.
GO EARLY,
AND
SECURE GOOD SEATS.
The management takes pleasure in announcing an engagement with
JOHNNY BOOKER,
THE VERSATILE COMEDIAN.

VARIETIES CONCERT HALL AND THEATRE,
GEORGE LEA.....Lessee
H. A. HUNKER.....Acting and Business Manager
Will open with an entire
NEW COMPANY,
ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 5th.
Composed of the
BEST TALENT IN THE COUNTRY.
Full particulars in future announcements. 34-tf.

VARIETIES,
CONCERT HALL AND THEATRE,
37 and 39 BOWERY, N. Y.
GEO. LEA.....Lessee.
PERFORMERS ALWAYS WANTED.
FIFTY BALLET GIRLS WANTED.
Apply to GEO. LEA, or to CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
34-tf. 25 West Houston street, New York.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
GEO. LEA.....Proprietor.
PERFORMERS OF TALENT ALWAYS WANTED.
Address as above, or apply to CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
34-tf. 25 West Houston street, New York.

THE GREAT WRAY.
W. A. WRAY,
The most versatile performer of the age, is now playing a star engagement at the
CANTERBURY, BALTIMORE.
Managers can negotiate for W. A. Wray's services by applying to
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
34-tf. 25 West Houston street, New York.

LEAVITT & PIERCE, the celebrated Ethiopian Performers are now playing a short star engagement at
LEA'S CANTERBURY HALL, ALEXANDRIA, VA.
Managers wishing to negotiate will apply to
CONNER & LEA,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
34-tf. 25 West Houston street, New York.

CONNER & LEA'S DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL AGENCY, 25 WEST HOUSTON STREET.
WANTED AT ALL TIMES—FIRST CLASS ARTISTS. Address, enclosing postage stamp, as above.
☞ MAGGY FREALL—we are waiting on you. 34-1t*

CONNER & LEA'S DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL AGENCY, PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
25 WEST HOUSTON STREET, NEW YORK.
J. N. BERTHIANNE, Box 5144, P. O., CHICAGO.
W. C. SMYTHE, BURNETT HOUSE, CINCINNATI.
A. A. BRAIDWOOD, 132 PEARL STREET, BALTIMORE.
P. C. RICHARDSON, ST. LOUIS. 34-1t*

OXFORD HALL OF MUSIC,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Directors.....FOX, CURRAN & NORRIS.
This magnificent Hall is now open with one of the best companies in the country. The entertainment given at this establishment embraces
GRAND BALLET, PANTOMIME,
GYMNASTICS, FARCES,
BURLESQUES,
ETHIOPIAN DELINEATIONS, and INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS.
The Management beg to inform the public and profession generally that the highest order of talent, and that which is of the most cultivated nature, meets with its due meed of appreciation at this house, the audiences being of the most refined class, giving an opportunity for those artists who have hitherto held themselves aloof from this branch of the business to embark in it with safety. Applications to be made as above. 34-tf

WILL FRANK CILLEY, formerly Agent of Sam Sharpley's Minstrels, settle those
ALBANY CLAIMS,
or must I publish the
DETAILS
of the transaction for the protection of my friends throughout the country.
34-1t SAM SHARPLEY.

M. JOHN DENIER,
GYMNASTIC ARTISTE,
SENSATIONAL CATARACT TIGHT ROPE,
AND THE BEST HORIZONTAL BAR AND
HIGH STILTS PERFORMER IN THE WORLD
Is now playing to immense Houses at
MARYLAND INSTITUTE,
Baltimore, Md.
His great Specialities are a SURE CARD. Managers wishing to negotiate for this artiste will address his agents,
CONNER & LEA,
34-1t* 25 West Houston street, N. Y.

WANTED.---A Magic Lantern---Views, &c. Send full particulars, Box 419, Watertown, N. Y. 34-4t*

MISS RACHEL JOHNSON,
This DISTINGUISHED ARTISTE
is at present fulfilling a most brilliant engagement at the New Columbus Opera House. 34-2t*

'J. B. ROBERTS, Tragedian, 250 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa." 34-6m

THE CROWNING CLIMAX.
CHARLEY SHAY'S MONSTER
QUINCUPLEXAL
AND
CELESTIAL TROUPE.
Third annual tour of the largest, most attractive and most novel Organization in the world.
THE GREAT MASTODON OF AMUSEMENTS.
Look out for the Mammoth Chinese Pictorials, making a Bill Board of 64 Sheets. 34-1t*

TO MANAGERS.
MISS FANNY HERRING
will be at liberty to negotiate with the Managers of the adjacent cities, at the conclusion of her present engagement, which will occur early in February next. All applications must be addressed to her, Box Office, Old Bowery Theat

ELEGY

Written in a Country Church Yard.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl doth to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign,

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did their harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure:
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the mad'ning crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind!

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic root so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair science frown'd not on his humble lot,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

GETTING CHILDREN FOR "MEDEA."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY LEVI A. THAU.

You have, of course, dear reader, (if you read this at all,) heard of Ed. Trover, actor, editor, manager and one of the spiciest writers in the West. If not, you are behind the age. "Everybody and his wife," the "rest of mankind," and other individuals "too numerous to mention," know Ed. Some months ago he was managing a small dramatic company at the pretty little city of Evansville, Ind. The company was very popular with the citizens, no less socially than professionally, and no gathering for pleasure was considered complete unless the "theatre folks" were there. "Our hero" is one of those individuals who have the happy faculty of turning their hands to anything and would always pitch in and do a thing himself rather than waste the time necessary for its accomplishment in explaining the requisite process to some subordinate.

One afternoon Ed. was present at the wedding of beautiful Dora L—e, daughter of Judge L—e, ex-mayor of the city. Of course, a "goodlie company" was assembled, and in the hilarity incident to such an occasion, Ed. came near forgetting that the "celebrated Greek tragedy" of "Medea" was up for that night, and that he had volunteered to relieve the property man of the trouble of hunting up the two children required in the piece—that worthy being a stranger in the place, while Ed. relied upon his extensive acquaintance to enable him to obtain the "juveniles" without difficulty. The remembrance of his "props" suddenly flashed across his mind, and he arose and hurriedly made his excuses, for the afternoon was far advanced, and he had no time to lose. As a matter of courtesy, he was pressed to remain; but the calls of business were peremptory, and he was forced to leave. In reply to the urgent appeals to him to remain from a bevy of fair damsels who had crowded around him, he remarked—

"Ladies, I should be happy, very happy, to enjoy your excellent society—to bask in the sunlight of your smiles longer this evening, but I have *promised to get two children for Medea to-night*, and I must go."

Of course, the ladies beat a precipitate retreat, looking horrified, when it suddenly occurred to Ed. that they were not well posted in theatrical matters, and might have mistaken his meaning. He did not stop to explain, however, but made a speedy retrograde movement.

UNTAMED POETRY.—We confess, says a cotemporary, that poetry permits her votaries to indulge in all sorts of metaphorical ideas, but this takes them all down:—

"With eye of fire majestically he rose,
And spoke divinely through his double-barreled nose."

CLASSIC PRIZE-FIGHTING.

As described by Statius in his "Thebaid," according to the epitome of the Roman poet's description by a writer in the *North British Review:*—

As soon as Adrastus has proclaimed that the boxing-match is to begin, which he does by commending the prowess shown in boxing as "bellis ef ferro proxima virtus," Capaneus rises like the Homeric Epeios or the Virgilian Dares, puts the lead-weighted gauntlets on hands as hard as they, and asks for an opponent, intimating that he would rather have had a Theban, whom he might fairly have killed, instead of being obliged to shed the blood of a citizen. Alcidamus, a young Spartan, rises at last, to the surprise of all but his compatriots, who know that he is a child of the palæstra, having been trained by Pollux:

"Ipse deus pomitque manus et brachia finxit
Materiam (suadebat amor): tunc sæpa locovit
Cominus, et simili stantem miratus in ira
Sustulit exultans, nudumque ad pectora pressit"

The passage is not altogether easy; but we suppose the meaning to be that Pollux had moulded the rudimentary gristle of his young favorite into bone and muscle, had stood up with him repeatedly, and had been so charmed with his spirit and endurance as to catch him to his breast and embrace him then and there. Now let us think of Virgil's notice of Dares' victory over Butes, or Entellus' companionship with Eryx, and we shall be better able to appreciate this unseasonable attempt to interest us by minute word-painting in the antecedents of a personage on whom the eye is only meant to rest for a second or two. Capaneus is indignant, scornful, and affectedly contemptuous; at length, however, his languid sinews swell, and he stands up to fight. They confront each other, the one like what Tityos would be if the birds would suffer him to rise, the other so young as to arrest the sympathies of the spectators, who tremble at the prospect of seeing him bleed.

"Quem vinci haud quisquam, sæva nec sanguine tingi
Malit, et erecto timeat spectacula voto."

At first they are prudent and cautious, sparring rather than hitting:—"explorant cæstus hebetantque terendo," Alcidamas continues this Fabian policy, and keeps his fury in reserve, "different animum;" Capaneus becomes enraged and expends both his hands recklessly; "ambas consumit sine lege manus." The young Spartan has the advantage, parrying his opponent's hits, while he sometimes goes into him (the word is Statius' own "intrat"), like a wave breaking on a rock, and finally plants a wound on his forehead. Gaponus hears the shout of the spectators, but is unconscious that blood has been drawn; at last, however, he puts up his hand to his brow, when the sight of the stains makes him more furious than a wounded lion: he rushes on Alcidamas, who is driven before him, preserving his coolness nevertheless.

"Non tamen immemor artis,
Adersus fuhit, et fugines tamen ictibus obstat."

The mad effort soon exhausts them both, and they pause to take breath; and the poet takes breath too in a short simile:

"Sic ubi longa vagos lassarunt æquora nautas
Et Signo de puppi dato posuere parumper
Brachia, vox requires, jam vox ciet altera remos."

The giant makes another rush, but his nimble adversary first eludes him and then butts him over, "sponte ruens mersusque humeris," knocking him down again as he is rising, till he is alarmed at his own success. The Argives raise a shout which the shores and woods but faintly echo; but Adrastus sees that Capaneus is not beaten, but only made more dangerous, and interposes to prevent murder from being done.

"Ite, oro, socii, furi: ite, opponite dextras,
Festinate, furit, palmanque, et præmia ferte:
Non prius effracto quam misceat ossa cerebro
Absistet, video: moriturum auferte Lacona."

Tydeus and Hippomedon with some difficulty hold Capaneus, telling him that he has conquered, and that it is graceful to spare a vanquished foe who happens to be an ally; but he thrusts aside the prize, and complains that he is not allowed to beat the minion to a mummy, and send him back thus to his patron. The Spartans welcome their champion, and indulge in a distant laugh at Capaneus' blustering; and so the scene is ended.

We feel that this summary has done but little justice to the real points of the narrative, which is at once far more ingenious, and for that reason, possibly, more tedious than our plain prose can make it. Almost every line contains some terse, pointed expression; not a few of them are distinguished by graphic and picturesque touches, which we have been compelled to omit.

DAN MARBLE'S TROUT STORY.

DAN MARBLE, the comedian, used to tell a story about trouting, that always caused a sensation. It seems that Dan, while crossing the Alleghany mountains one summer, fell in with a fishing party from the city, and they insisted on his holding up and going out to fish with them.

"Well," says Dan, "we went fishing, and fished and fished. We drank a barrel of Monongahela, and carried about two pounds of fish back to the hotel in Hollidaysburg. One morning I strayed off from the party, rod in hand, and was overtaken by an old covey in an ancient built gig, high as a three-story corn-crib. His sober face, broad-brimmed hat and square-tailed coat, bespoke him a Quaker. The old fellow drew up, eyed me for a moment, and coming to the conclusion that I was a human, he invited me to get in and ride down the mountain; and as I had some distance to go to overtake my friends, I mounted the concern, and the old fellow gave his mare the string, and away she went.

"Thee's trouting, eh?"

"Slightly," said I.

"Has thee a fondness for fishing?"

"Not so very strong inclined that way," says I.

"The trout is very cute fish," said the old fellow.

"Yes," I replied.

"I once had a tame trout in my pond. I put him in my pond when he was about as big as my finger. I fed him regularly, and he became very social. I frequently lifted him from the pond in my hand; and he grew on, till I reckon he weighed a matter of three pounds good; and I thought one day, as I had some city friends to dine with us, I'd take out my fish, and have him cooked. Ha! ha! really, I believe the critter guessed my intention, for he never would come near me; after that I coaxed, and tried to inveigle him for some time; but it was no use, friend trout was shy, and avoided all sociability. I baited a hook with the most tempting morsel, but no, plague take the critter, he was done with me. I next borrowed a scoop-net, and though I'd get it very nigh under him, away he'd dart beneath a stone, and out of my reach. The trout grew bigger and bigger, and so saucy that I made up my mind that he must be eaten. Ha! ha! ha! at last I made a snare. 'Now, my old friend,' said I, 'thee's bound to come out.' Plague take the fellow, the moment I put the noose over his body, he'd poke his nose down into the gravel at the bottom of the pond, wiggle his tail, and off would slip the wire. Of course, the sleek rogue actually appeared to be laughing at me; and I went away, declaring that the provoking creature might live forever, if he could."

"Well," says I, interested in the fish story, "did he still continue to live and flourish?"

"Not long, for my son, he'd bet mostly anything he could catch him, and he did."

"Ah, indeed!" said I, in amazement, "how did he proceed?"

"Ha! ha! I will tell thee. Reuben caught a dozen grasshoppers, and threw them into the pond—the fish was very fond of grasshoppers, and having eaten them all, became so very springy that in jumping for a fly, he actually sprang clear out of the pond, and Rueben caught the critter before he could jump back again!"

"I told my Quaker friend I guess I'd get out about then, so he drew up and let me reach the ground, and then drove off with a long face."

HINTS TO PEDESTRIANS.

DON'T make the mistake of wearing a light straw hat because you are going to be exposed to sun-heat, but a thick felt one, thickly-lined, and impervious to calorific radiation, for the same reason that Turks and Arabs wear turbans. Your umbrella will prove a very treasure. In a side pocket of my little bag, I always carry a store of little utilities, which weigh nothing and take still less room—viz., a few stout needles ready threaded with black and with grey thread (not cotton), a tailor's thimble, a few buttons of the sort most used, a metal box with lucifers, a candle's end, two or three yards of twine, a pair of leather shoe strings, a widgeon's or other small duck's wing, to brush off dust before entering a village or hotel, an ounce of Epsom salts, to be replaced as soon as taken, a phial of pills of sulphate of quinine, a bottle, the size of your little finger, filled with essential oil of lavender—if you have to occupy a bed suspected to be haunted, drop five drops of the oil between the sheets, one in the middle, and one towards each corner, and it will drive away intruders for a couple of nights—a CLIPPER newspaper, to wrap up sandwiches, botanical specimens, &c., a few visiting cards, the envelopes of two or three letters addressed to self, and an old passport, to establish identity in case of need. In walking, begin slowly, increasing the pace afterwards, if so inclined. Good guides have almost always to moderate the first efforts of candidates for pedestrian success. The rule is to set from sixty to seventy steps per minute up steep ascents, and from ninety to one hundred on level ground or down smooth descents. It is surprising how far slow continuous walking will take you in a quarter of a day. Walkers of this class, who scarcely seem to stir, will, in the end, leave "splendid starters" behind them. Measure your progress not by the distance which remains to be accomplished, but by that already traversed. While climbing, look for encouragement behind and below you, rather than before and above you. "Excelsior" is ever your motto, but carried out humbly and perseveringly. If you have entered into partnership with a travelling companion whose pace is faster than your own, before starting make a strict stipulation that he shall conform to your pace. You are journeying on foot, not racing. When fatigue begins, pleasure ends, and nothing tends to weariness sooner than incessant straining to follow a faster walker. If he will not go softly, as agreed, let him "gang his ain gate," and pursue his further course alone. The sufferings of army stragglers, in this respect, amount to torture.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

UNARTISTIC FIGHT

BETWEEN

BOS TYLER, THE PUGILISTIC MONOCULUS,

AND

GEORGE CROCKETT,

FOR £75, BOS STAKING £50 TO £25.

THE announcement of the fixture of this match for the 9th of November did not appear to create a wonderful degree of interest in sporting circles, perhaps from the lethargy now existing as regards the *modus operandi* of modern pugilism. The match originated in some slight disparagement of each other at the East End, and the impulsive Bos Tyler, the burly host of the Founders' Arms, Whitechapel, declared that he could beat Crockett at odds quite as easily and expeditiously as he did in 1858. The gauntlet having thus been thrown down, Crockett immediately took up the cudgels, and the present contract was entered into to fight at catch weight. At first sight, the very fact of a monoculous venturing odds elicited much controversy amongst the sporting community as to the *bona fide* character of the match, and rumor asseverated that a suspicious cloud hung over the horizon, by reason of the men not going into proper training. It was found that Crockett, however, the first part of his time took up his abode at the Rising Sun, Essex, under the supervision of his brother. The local *gendarmerie*, however, were too intrusive for George to "rest and be thankful," and he was compelled to skedaddle, and dropped into more quiet quarters at Mr. Brown's, Princess of Wales, Enfield. His performances may be thus notified:—He was born in 1828, weight 9½ st., and beat Young Welsh, £15 a side, twenty-eight rounds, 45 min., near Greenhithe, Sept. 14, 1847. He scored his second victory with Branch, £25 a side, forty-two rounds, 105 min., Long Reach, on January 11, in the succeeding year. So promising did things appear that he was pitted against Hazeltine, then a rising illustrator of the art, and once more became conqueror. This battle took place for £20 a side, at Woking, March 28, 1848, seventy-four rounds, 113 min. George next suffered defeat at the hands of Bill Hayes, the latter polishing off the Star of the East in eight rounds, 1 hour and 38 min., Lower Hope Point, January 16, 1849. He next beat Harry Cooper, the baker, £25 a side, twenty-four rounds, 48 min., at Woking, October 2, in the same year. He avoided the matter in a second match with the same man, but for what reason does not appear. He was now evidently on the wane, and lowered his colors to the gallant Jack Jones, of Portsmouth, at Grays, Essex, October 15, 1850, £50 a side, seven rounds, 38min. He next had a turn with Billy Duncan. George won the day over the now discomfited inspector of the Ring. The fight lasted forty-four rounds, 75min., £25 a side, "down the river," June 25, 1851. On two subsequent occasions, the self-same couple met, in 1852 and 1853, but there was no sign of business between either party, and the records state that on these two occasions these brave fellows gratified the hearty old English and manly admirers of the art of boxing by fighting *five* rounds. The referee was by no means singular in his opinion, expressing himself, with the majority, utterly disgusted. George Baker, of Chatham, was then an easy mark for Crockett, and the latter won in seven rounds, 11min., and so enhanced his exchequer by half a century. Crockett's star seemed then to be quite eclipsed, for he met with unqualified defeat in his next triple fistic contracts—with Bob Travers, Job Cobley and Bos Tyler. Once more determined to try his luck he engaged himself with Jack Rooke, of Birmingham, but he was unfortunately compelled to forfeit £25, in April, 1861, as he was unable to raise the wind.

The antecedents of Tyler may be thus traced:—He made his *debut* in December, 1850, for £10 a side, with Wolf Abrahams, whom he thrashed in 132 rounds, occupying nearly three hours; and his career since that period has been one of varied character, winning six battles—with Jack Keefe, Baldock of Stratford), Hazeltine, Topper Brown (of Manchester), Bodger Crutchley, and Crockett; he lost thrice—with the aforesaid Keefe, Crutchley and Bob Travers; and fought two draws, viz., with Keefe and Robinson, a man of color from the cotton metropolis. He maid it his boast that it would never be necessary to go far away into training for the present match—under a forfeiture of £25 a side—and jauntingly did his autumn peripatetic between Victoria Park and the purlieus of Spitalfields Market, amongst his old and tried associates of his palmy days. Notwithstanding the adverse rumors of there being no intention of a gladiatorial display, every arrangement was completed to facilitate matters. A meeting of the litigant parties was convened at Bos Tyler's during the preceding week, and it was eventually agreed that a lengthened aquatic excursion would alone ensure a successful result to the day's proceedings. Accordingly, an early hour was chosen for a start, and the fighting party steamed away from the Temple Pier, running parallel with the ancient precincts of the Knight's Templars, soon after St. Clement's chimes gave out the note of eight. There were but few aboard, the tariff being above what was generally anticipated, and lots of the hangers-on were in consequence shut out from any chance of holiday-making at every pier on the progress below the bridge. Tyler came on board at Woolwich, and Crockett at Purfleet, and the rush of partisanship was thus early evinced. Not a quotation in the way of betting can be mentioned on board the boat. Tyler's colors were a mazarine blue, with white and magenta sprigs, and Crockett's a dark blue, with white flowerets. Tyler was verging upon 12st in weight, which fully accounted for the *on dits* that he had been doing Banting; while his opponent scaled 9st 10lb, adding a very emphatic expression that he had the money as good as in his grasp. Bearing down to Gravesend with a good flood-tide, and with an atmosphere below zero, some attempt was made at speculation, but at first every deck-passenger, to a man, fought shy of "standing the over," and nothing was done. The steamer proceeded onwards for Lower Hope, with its reminiscences of former scientific encounters. Every expectation was held out that the men would be enabled to get to work here, and Tyler, all jubilant for the occasion, laid his rival 2 to 1 that he won the fight. A glimpse ashore told that there was some one on the lookout, and on landing, the voyagers were faced by a policeman, who ordered everyone to desist from furthering the fight in any shape whatever. Another move was then made for Shell Haven, when another of the blue-coated *shirri* was in attendance, and said he had received special orders from headquarters to prevent a breach of the peace by stopping there until dusk. All overtures were unaccepted, and the boat was soon steaming away on the tide for New Haven. This precarious state of things caused a good deal of badinage between the men; Tyler wanting to fight on board the steamer, or in a room, with twelve friends of each side and the referee, to serve as witnesses. New Haven stones were surmounted, and a fair ring formed, near where Sayers and Paddock fought. Tyler was first in the ring, but was soon followed by Crockett, who won the toss. Tom Tyler and Baldock were the seconds for Bos, and Jack Hicks and Mickey Gannon for Crockett.

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. There was a clear disparity in the size or rotundity of the belligerents, Tyler being of a species of Dutchman obesity, and lesser, too, in stature than his opponent. Bos looked the more cautious and determined, while the other displayed a greater degree of alacrity of disposition to "wire in" at the first moment he could embrace a favorable opportunity. They sparred cautiously for an opening, and measured their distance with the air of old generals of the ring. At twenty-five minutes past two the game began. Tyler fainted with his left but the other got away. They closed, and there was mutual fibbing, until George landed smartly with the left, and in the close Bos was uppermost.

2. George's left on the mark. Fienting for a few minutes, when both dropped their hands and stood still. When they got to it again, Bos propped him with the left, and George began to blow. Tyler landed the right on the boco, and delivered the right on the mouth, drawing first blood. Rattling exchanges, and George was thrown by a burster on the back of his head.

3. There was a great delay, both blowing freely. George dashed in his left on the good eye. A rally to the ropes, when Crockett slipped right back, and Bos fell right over him.

4. Still the same waste of time, neither seeming disposed to come up. George tried his left, but Bos was quickly away. The eyelops returned to the charge, and they closed, when Crocket fell rather suspiciously. On both being taken to their corners, no perceptible damage was done.

5. Tyler rushed to work, and got home right and left until Crockett fell in the same mysterious manner, but Bos rolled on him saying, "Don't caution him yet. Let him have his own way, and I can best him at that."

6. Long continued sparring, in which Tyler had all the best, and threw his opponent cleverly.

7. Slew to work. George tried to get on, but Bos was clean away from danger. They then came together again, and closed in the corner. As both fell together, they were surrounded, and Tyler complained of his adversary gouging.

8. Bos delivered right and left on the *os frontis* without any return, and Crockett was thrown heavily in Bos's own counter.

9. Crockett made his left on the mouth, and then retired. Both men then stood still, and put down their hands. To business once more, when Crockett's left was on the mouth again, but Bos retaliated by a stinger on the jowl, knocking George right over. (First knock-down blow for Tyler.)

10. Crockett tried to put on the double, but Tyler wouldn't have it, and smiled sweetly. Bos twice shot out with the left on the nose, which was flushed directly. Both were puffing, but each was playing his own game. A close, when Bos fibbed away merrily, and Crockett fell backwards to mother earth, and it even thus early looked all the odds in the Founder's Arms favor.

11. They again sparred for wind, and were especially studious as to how they should make a levy. Bos popped in one on the left ribs; counter hitting—George on the nose, and Bos on the mouth, drawing the cochineal. Rapid deliveries till both fell, Crockett undermost. Jack was evidently as good as his master this round.

12. Bos apparently meant mischief with his left, investing a heavy one with that weapon on the chin, drew more blood, and before George could return anything in the shape of a compliment, he was thrown.

13. George in attempting with the left was stopped, and they stood still again in a tedious manner. Crockett again tried his left, and got slightly home on the ribs, as Tyler was beating a retreat. Bos then delivered with both hands, till Crockett fell.

14. Tyler came up full of confidence, and dashed in his left twice on the frontispiece. A close struggle for the fall, which was gained by the Bantingite.

15. George lauded his left on the nasal promontory, and drew a copious supply, but he received twice in return on the skull, and a short round was ended by Crockett falling back, although this time it was purely accidental.

16. This was a famous bout—all give and take, and the blood streaming from both men. They closed by the middle stake, and fell together.

17. Both advanced to the scratch, vociferously applauded by their respective partisans, but neither seemed disposed to go in. Notwithstanding his length of reach, Crockett oftentimes missed his left. Bos stopped to pull the dirt from his boots. After a short lapse of time, they got to work, when Tyler determinedly lunged out his right and left on the facial region, and completely bored his antagonist over the ropes, Crockett putting up both hands to escape further pasting. This bout was all in favor of Tyler, and a sovereign to a shilling was laid on him.

18. Bos seemed somewhat spent from over-exertion, and quite flushed. He lunged out his right terrifically, and cut Crockett's left cheek, and, following up his advantage, landed twice in the most desperate manner, knocking Crockett over Old Puggy, and Tyler fell heavily on the pair.

19 was short, Bos delivering with both hands; Crockett fell backwards, and, as he was going over, Tyler landed one, but it told before Crockett was fairly to earth. An appeal was made of foul, but the referee properly overruled it.

20. Crockett landed his left a rattler on the nose, and, as Bos delivered with his right on the old sore under the left eye, George fell on one knee.

21. Tyler delivered his left bang on the nasal organ, drawing the claret copiously, and Crockett again fell on one knee. There was a hubbub about this species of manœuvring and the excitement on both sides was very great, so much so that it was feared that the ring would be broken in.

22. There was a long delay before they got together, when Crockett again fell suspiciously. Another appeal was made, and the referee cautioned Crockett, amidst great confusion.

23. Tyler landed his left on the right ear, and drew blood. He kept pasting away merrily, to the sad discomfiture of poor Crockett, who was carried to his corner almost helpless. It was now any odds on Tyler.

24. Crockett came up as weak as a rat, and tottered at the scratch. More delay. When they got to it, Bos landed his left again, and his adversary fell on his face, having caught his foot in the ropes.

25. No sooner up than Crockett was hit twice in succession without let or hindrance, and he was eventually knocked clean off his legs.

26 and last. Very short. Both up together, Bos trying with the left, but not home. Crockett likewise missed his left, when they broke, and steadied themselves on Tyler's side of the ring. Bos then got home heavily with the left, Crockett returning slightly, again going down on one knee close against the ropes, and when Bos came to him he dropped on the other. An appeal being made, the referee very properly decided that Crockett had lost the fight by a foul, and Tyler was accordingly hailed as the victor, after fighting 1 hour and 12 min.

REMARKS.

To those acquainted with the men, it was by no means surprising to find that both combatants were glaringly deficient in the form and characteristic talent and style of former years. It was no artistic fight, but for two old ones, in the very reverse of first class condition, they performed their up-hill work in a steady, cautious manner, and depended upon the chapter of accidents or the fortune of war to carry them through. Nevertheless, the result was never in doubt—the masterpiece was found in Tyler, who won as easily as he did on the former occasion, when he vanquished Crockett.

SECOND FIGHT BETWEEN PERCIVAL AND LITTLE TOMMY, FOR £10 A SIDE.—These light weights next entered the ring, and fought four rounds, when the referee gave up his office, on the score of the lads persisting in not going in to fight. The affair eventuated in a draw, and the backers of the men were to receive their money.

MACE AND COBURN.

THE GIPSY DENIES BEING DEAD-BROKE—HE WANTS AN ENGAGEMENT—CHALLENGE TO THE WINNER OF THE NEXT BIG FIGHT.

THERE are still dissensions in the English camp as to the proper distribution of the "circulating medium" advanced to further the interests of Jem Mace. A meeting was held lately at Harry Brunton's, City Music Hall, Barbican, in order that Brunton might furnish a faithful account of his stewardship. Contrary to general expectation, Mace never attended, but those present were reimbursed for their outlay in anticipation of the then-pending contest. There is a split in the cabinet again, and we shall not hear the last of this cavil for the next few days. Mace has written, complaining of certain statements affecting him, published in a cotemporary. Jem is indignant at being paraded (without his authority) as an "alms-seeker," and says, "Having held the proud title of Champion of England, I cannot and will not lower myself by asking assistance of any one. As for my trophies being 'put away,' I can accept engagements to show them and myself at any time and anywhere." Mace, it appears, is not willing to retire without adding another laurel to his crown, and he expresses himself open to meet the winner of the next fight for the Championship, and hopes he will have the first chance.

GAME FIGHT NEAR BIRMINGHAM.—Long before cock-crow, on Nov. 7, the "Brums" were astir, and hundreds of the fistic community could be seen wending their way in the direction of the Four Ashes, to witness a fight between Jack Hubble and Bodger Crutchley's waiter, a youth who rejoices in the cognomen of "the Black Diamond." The match was an *impromptu* affair for a "fiver," and, consequently the combatants had to contend at catch-weight. On reaching the rendezvous, the "bluecoat boys" were found in strong force, and a move was rendered imperative, Barrows' Field being next chosen. Here the coast was found clear, and, at eight o'clock, all being in readiness, the lads at once got to work, and a rattling mill ensued. The darkie, who got first blood in the first round, forced the fighting, and had it all his own way up to the fourth, when Hubble, in the next bout, completely turned the tables on his opponent, by flooring him instanter. After fighting one hour and five minutes, forty-two rounds, the body-blows received by the darkie had told their own tale, and he was compelled to cry "a go." Hubble was much punished about the face.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

"ARTEMUS WARD."

CHARLES F. BROWNE, otherwise "Artemus Ward," was born away down east in the town of Waterford, Me., in 1836. When quite young he entered a printing office, and in a short time was considered a first rate type-sticker, but getting tired of seeing the same old faces every day, he determined to start out on a travelling tour. He did so, and visited all the principal towns in New England, stopping at each place for a brief period, working at his trade. He finally settled down in Boston, where he worked with "stick and rule" until his genius soared above the "case," and he was soon ensconced in the editorial chair, revelling in the flowery paths of literature. Comic stories and comic essays were his "fortus," as a celebrated divine once remarked. His effusions were read far and wide, and gained for him, in a short time, a very enviable reputation. Boston proving too small for the development of his ambitious ideas, he packed up his carpet bag and steered for the west. On the shores of Lake Erie, and on the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi, he picked up that knowledge of western life, and acquired that acute insight into the comic side of western character which have stood out so conspicuously in his humorous sketches. In Toledo, Ohio, Mr. Browne gained much credit as a writer. From Toledo he wended his steps to Cleveland, and took up his quarters in the editorial department of the *Plaindealer*. Up "to this p'int in his eventful life" he was known as plain Charles F. Browne, but as soon as he commenced operations in Cleveland he baptised himself "Artemus Ward." Assuming the management of his celebrated "wax figgers," his fame waxed higher and higher. Cleveland, like all other places that he had visited, became in its turn too small to hold him any longer, and he came to New York in the fall of 1860, and became enrolled among the corps editorial of *Vanity Fair*. His first attempt at lecturing was at Norwich, Conn., since which time he has been well known as a lecturer and comic author. His chief subjects are "The Babes in the Wood," "Sixty Minutes in Africa," "An Hour with President Lincoln," "Artemus Ward's Struggle with the Ghost," and "Life Among the Mormons." His lectures have been among the most popular of any delivered in this country. He has received from literary societies very high sums for lecturing, and we have also heard it reliably stated that, recognizing the debt of gratitude he owes to his country, he has contributed nearly $5000 to the Union cause by lectures delivered within the past two years. Artemus is the author of a book published by Carleton, entitled "Artemus Ward—his Book." It purports to be a collection of comic essays, but it has only a very few specimens from the rich mine of his fun. On the 18th of October, 1863, he sailed for California, preceded a month previous by Mr. Hingston, as business manager. He gave his first comic oration at Platt's Music Hall, San Francisco, November 18th. The tickets were one dollar each, and the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The receipts amounted to $1465. His subject was "The Babes in the Wood." His second oration was delivered November 17th, at the same place, when the hall was not near large enough to hold the crowd. He then started on a tour through the country, appearing at Stockton, Marysville, and Sacramento. He repeated his "Babes in the Wood" at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, to a $900 house. At a little town called Folsom, in a little mining theatre of rough boards, he had $150. The joke of the lecture did not seem to be very well understood, however, for in the midst of it, the gentlemen with short pipes, in the orchestra stalls, requested Artemus to favor them with a song, persisting in their call till he gave them a new version of "Billy Barlow," after which they treated him to "can oysters" and California wine. In Oroville and Nevada City he lectured in a church. In Auburn he expatiated in a billiard saloon. At Jackson, the new theatre not being built, he appeared in the basement of the jail, for one night only. The murderers' cells opened into it all the way round, and by throwing open the iron doors, the cells could be turned into private boxes. At San Jose they illuminated the city with tar barrels, which blazed in every thoroughfare on the night or his arrival. At Santa Clara, the building not being large enough, the entire audience adjourned to the open air, while Artemus, supported by Hingston, his agent, holding two wax candles, "spoke his piece" beneath the canopy of the starry skies. While on his way to Salt Lake City, he was captured by the Indians, who threatened to scalp him and carry him into captivity unless he danced the "Essence of Virginny." It was torture sufficient when miners out in California made him sing a comic song, but the idea of dancing a nigger schottische was ten times worse. Brigham Young being "in" with the Injuns, succeeded in having the showman restored to liberty and the Mormon women. The change, however, wasn't much better. After being caught by the Indians (and liberated), he in turn caught the typhoid fever, which was running loose in those parts, and it was given out that he was "sick unto death." On the 24th of February he lectured at Denver City. On the next evening he "spoke a piece" in Central City, among the gold miners—admission one dollar. Most of the tickets were bought up by speculators, and retailed by them at three, four, and five dollars each. Artemus and Hingston had a third capsize on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, at Bridger's Pass. The sleigh was broken, and they had to walk four miles through the snow at midnight. Both were attacked by a troop of hungry wolves, and they had to beat back the beasts with revolvers. Returned to New York April 3d, 1864. On the 17th of October he opened Dodworth's Hall with his representation on canvas of his travels in California and Salt Lake City. He opened to a very crowded auditory, and has continued up to the present writing to appear each night to the *elite* of the city. His speculation has thus far proved a great success. During the representation of the "picters," Artemus is on hand, and describes in his own happy style everything that is interesting to his auditors, and more too. He is exceedingly funny, and keeps his hearers in a continual roar of laughter from the moment he first opens his mouth until the audience are dismissed for the night. The lecture he has prepared for this entertainment is in one respect like all his lectures—it consists of "orient pearls at random strung," and is no more to be reported than the play of a fountain in the sunlight can be adequately represented with chalk on a black board. In appearance, Artemus Ward is tall, slender, and light complexioned, with prominent features, fair hair, and very mirthful eyes. As a companion he is genial, witty, and amusing, putting on no "airs" and assuming no position which he cannot fully maintain. Full of good fellowship, his friends in the United States are counted by thousands. Diffidence and modesty are said to be two of Artemus Ward's grand characteristics. Whilst one of the most successful among public men, he is said to be one of the most unpretending. This feature in his character is reported to be especially remarkable in the lecture room, but not in any way to detract from the charm and spirit of his lectures.

FEMININE CREDULITY.—The credulity of women, on the subject of being loved, is very great; they often mistake a common liking for particular regard, and on this foundation build up a castle in the air, and fill it with all the treasures of their bright hopes and confiding love, and when some startling fact destroys the vision, they feel as if the whole creation were a blank to them, and they were the most injured of women. It is safer to be very skeptical on the subject of being loved; but if you do make the mistake, take all the blame to yourself, and save your dignity by secrecy.

OUR GAME BAG.

PADDY AND HIS MUSKET.

I've heard a good joke of an Emerald Pat,
Who kept a few brains and a brick in his hat.
He was bound to go hunting; so, taking his gun,
He rammed down a charge—this was load number one;
Then put in the priming, and when all was done,
By way of experiment, thought he would try
And see if perchance he might hit the "bull's-eye."
He straightien'd himself till he made a good figure,
Took deliberate aim, and then pulled the trigger.
Click! went the hammer, but nothing exploded;
"And sure," muttered Paddy, "the gun isn't loaded!"
So down went another charge, just as before,
Unless this contained just a grain or two more;
Once more he got ready, and took a good aim,
And pulled on the trigger—effect quite the same.
"I wonder can this be still shootin'?" said Pat;
"I put down a load now I'm certain of that;
I'll try it again, and then we shall see!"
So down went the cartridge of load number three!
Then trying again with a confident air,
And succeeding no better, gave up in despair.

Just at

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—Your 42 pounder proves to be but a shell of the hollowest description. All we can say here is that "T. M. B." has solved it once in 35, once in 22, and twice in 14 moves; but if you will send a stamped envelope, and your address, we will forward you his solutions and remarks.

CHARLES C. BARNES.—We have an amended version of No. 440 —reduced one move. Have you any proposed amendment to offer? We shall reach "Castor and Pollux" with Nos. 460—1.

THEO. M. BROWN.—In *re* B *vs.* Kt. you "find most fun in the Kts," do you, eh? Well! good many fellers do. Our theories are coming true; after you have abandoned chess awhile, we always find your most brilliant emanations sent forth. Our advice is that you abandon chess regularly about once in two years as long as you live.

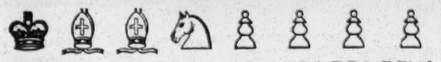
LOVER OF CHESS, Butler, Pa.—$5 received and we doubt not we can get you up a match of the kind you name. Will do our best to forward the scheme, and let you know the result.

HERR ANDERSSEN IN BERLIN.—The world has never seen such active, quenchless enthusiasm in Caissa's service, merely for the love of that service itself, as has been exhibited for the last fifteen years by this renowned paladin of the "eight times eight squared field." Age dims not his keenness for delivering the blows of battle, nor cools the ardor with which he seeks the fray. No man ever had so many lost games published, and the fame of none could so well bear the strain. The coming generation will place him more fully in the niche of fame he merits than the present will consent to do. During his last vacation he visited Berlin and contested some 150 games, winning a great majority, though Herren Suhle, Schallopp and Neumann got off tolerably even. Prof. A. would commence *seances* at 10 o'clock, A. M., and, except an hour or so, play till 11 o'clock, P. M.

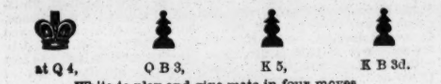
Enigma No. 456.

From the Schachzeitung.

BY VON S. LEOW.



at Q B 3, K 3, K R sq, K Kt 4, Q Kt 4, Q B 5, K B 5 K Kt 3d.



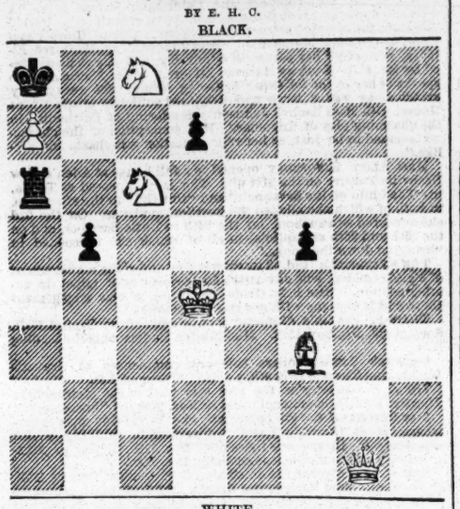
at Q 4, Q B 3, K 5, K B 3d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 456.

BY E. H. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 456.

A well-contested *partie* at the Brooklyn Chess Club between the President, F. Perrin, Esq., and F. H. Elder, Esq., of Mich.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Perrin.	Defence, Mr. Elder.	Attack, Mr. Perrin.	Defence, Mr. Elder.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	23..K R to K sq	Q B × R P
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	24..Kt-K B 5 (*e*)	K-his R sq
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	25..Q-K Kt 5	P-K Kt 3 (*f*)
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	26..K Kt-K 7	Q R-B 7 (*g*)
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	27..K R-K 4	Q R × P
6..Castles	P-Q 3	28..K-his R sq	K B-Q sq
7..P-Q 4	K P × P	29..Q-K 3	R-Q Kt 7
8..B P × P	K B-Kt 3	30..Q-her B 3	Q-her Kt 6
9..Q Kt-B 3	Q Kt—R 4 (*a*)	31..Q × Q (*h*)	Q B × Q
10..Q B-R 3	Q Kt × B	32..P-K 6	P-K B 3
11..Q-R 4 +	P-Q B 3 (*b*)	33..Q B-R 3	R-Q B 7
12..Q × Q Kt	K Kt-K 2	34..K R-K 3	K B × Kt
13..P-Q 5	B P × P	35..K R × B	K B × B
14..Q Kt × P	K Kt × Kt	36..K R × B	K R × P (*i*)
15..Q × K Kt	Castles (*c*)	37..K R × P	K R-Kt 3
16..Q B × P	Q B-K 3	38..P-K R 3	K R-Kt 7
17..Q-K 5 (*d*)	K R-K sq	39..Q R-K Kt sq	K-his Kt 2
18..Q-K Kt 3	Q B-his 5	40..Q R-Q sq	K-his R 3
19..K R-Q sq	Q-K B 3	41..Q R-Q 7	Q R × P
20..P-K 5	Q-K Kt 3	42..K R × P	Q R-R 7 +
21..Q-K B 4	Q R-B sq	43..K-his Kt sq	K R × R
22..Kt-K R 4	Q-K 3	44..Q R × R	R × R P, and the Attack resigns.

(*a*) This move was several times adopted at this point in the interesting series of games between Capt. Mackenzie and the President of the Paulsen C. C.; and was afterwards analyzed with considerable care by the winner of this *partie* and Mr. Lichtenhein, and with satisfactory results to the Defence.

(*b*) This is the best reply, doubtless.

(*c*) The opening, as such, is now pretty well exhausted, and the Defence is sure of a good foundation on which to build the combinations of the middle game.

(*d*) The assault is vigorous and well sustained, and against an adversary at once a little less wary and given to counter-attack would surely have plucked a triumph from the very ramparts of the foe.

(*e*) Determined and dangerous, indeed; it is now or never, for this charge is victory or defeat.

(*f*) Wary and defiant, he bides the full force of the shock.

(*g*) The weight of the attack is now broken, and he turns the tide with a counter assault, with a *vim*. The changing aspects of this battle within the 10 moves either way from this are highly entertaining.

(*h*) Waging a fight of little less than hopeless desperation.

(*i*) The accuracy with which the Defence proceeds to make his victory an accomplished fact is worthy of admiration, for the reader will see that it is a game which might even yet be easily bungled into a draw.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draughts Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Patterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 50 cents. Address I. D. J. SWEET, CLIPPER OFFICE,
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Metropolitan Draught Club.

THE Club meets every night in the week for play, at their rooms in the Mercantile Hotel, 168 Duane street, near Hudson. Strangers and friends of the game are heartily welcome.

To Correspondents.

LACHINE, C. E.—When you have two or more ways of capturing pieces, you take your choice of capture, but you must capture all the pieces the way you jump.

A. KERR, Glasgow, Scotland.—We are not aware that Drummond challenged the United States three different times. The only time he ever issued a challenge to play a match at draughts, that we are aware of, was in July, 1857, when he challengd Drysdale, of this city, to play a match for from £30 to £50, and £20 for expenses to come to this city to play it, and on receipt of it Drysdale accepted, and placed $25 in our hands to bind the match. We heard nothing from Drummond for months, and in the following October we returned the deposit to Drysdale. In December, we received another note from Drummond, but as he was so long in answering Drysdale, nothing came of it. (2) We should be happy to hear that Martins or Wylie, or any other of your famed players, have started to give us a visit. Any of them would receive a hearty welcome.

WEEKLY NEWS, Dundee, Scotland.—We intend to publish in a few weeks one or two variations, of the 11 to 16 move in "Old Fourteenth," where we think we can show you that Black can draw, notwithstanding J. D., J. B., and others think to the contrary.

OUR CLUB was enlivened for a few evenings last week by the presence of the distinguished player, Mr. L. L. Hodges, of Buffalo. He played with some of our best players, and at the close they had not much to brag of, as to the greater number of games won. He played with the same unwonted zeal and energy displayed in his games of years ago.

WILLIAM A. PARK, Box No. 88, Hilton Head.—Your order received, but no money enclosed.

L. H. MARSH, Boston.—Your last appears to be unsound; try us.

Solution of Position No. 30. Vol. XII.

BY W. CAMERON.

	Black.		White.		Black.
1..Re.		8.. 3 to 6			17 to 13(1)
2..15 7	2 to 11	9.. 7	10		5 9
3..31 9	4 11	10..20	24		13 16
4..10	23 20	11..24	27		16 20
5..14	30 21	12..27	23		20 24
6..13	21 14	13..23	18, and wins.		
7.. 9	1 6				
	14 17				

Game No. 39.—Vol. XII.

THIRTY-SIXTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

AYRSHIRE LASSIE.

Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.		Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.
1..11 to 15	24 to 20		16.. 1 to 5	22 to 18
2.. 8 11	28 24		17.. 3 7	18 9
3.. 4 8	(*a*) 22 18		18.. 5 14	19 16
4..15 22	25 18		19..13 19	23 16
5.. 9 14/(*b*)	18 9		20.. 8 12	16 11
6.. 5 14	23 18		21.. 7 16	20 11
7..14 23	27 18		22..10 15	11 8
8..10 14	18 9		23..15 19	8 3
9.. 6 13	30 25		24..19 24	3 7
10.. 7 10	24 19		25..24 27	29 25
11.. 2 6	32 28		26..27 31	25 22
12..10 14	26 23		27..12 16	7 10
13.. 6 10	28 22		28..16 19	10 17
14..11 15	31 26		29..31 27	Drawn.
15..15 24	28 19			

(*a*) Sturgis plays 23 to 18, and Anderson plays 23 to 19 at this point, and draws the game.

(*b*) The "Book of Draughts" plays 10 to 15 at this point.

Game No. 40.—Vol. XII.

GAME played between B. and D., Dundee, Scotland.

From the Weekly News.

CROSS.

B., Black.	D., White.		B., Black.	D., White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 18		10.. 2 to 7	17 to 14
2.. 8 11	27 23		11.. 7 11	24 20
3.. 4 8	23 19		12.. 9 13	14 10
4..10 14	19 10		13.. 5 9/(*b*)	22 17/(*c*)
5..14 23	26 19		14..13 28	26 17
6.. 7 14	(*a*)32 27		15.. 9 14	17 13
7..11 16	19 15		16..19 23	27 24
8..16 19	30 26		17..14 17	25 21
9..14 18	21 17		Black wins.	

(*a*) Anderson plays 24 to 20, or 19 to 15, and draws.

(*b*) Things are getting a "little mixed."

(*c*) The losing move. If White had played 27 to 23, they would have had the better game.

Solution of Drummond's 39th Position.

THIRD EDITION.

White.	Black.		White.	Black.
1..15 to 18	22 to 15		4.. 6 to 2	15 to 6
2..21 17	13 22		5.. 2	25, and wins.
3..14 9	5 14			

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. McINTOSH AND J. McGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.		White—J. McG.
6.. 7 10		25 22
7.. 4 8		

SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.		White—J. McI.
4.. 9 13		27 23
5.. 6 9		23 18

Position No. 31, Vol. XII.

BY BANGALL.

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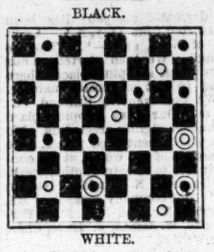

WHITE.

White to move and win.

The 40th Position

OF DRUMMOND. (3d edition.

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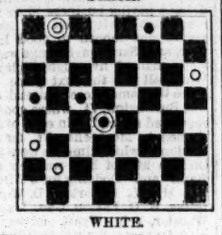

WHITE.

White to move and Black to win.

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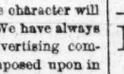

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FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Nov. 28, 1864.

WHO SAID TURKEY? If there hasn't been squealing among the **turkeys during the last week or two**, then we don't know what **turkey squealing is.** We never imagined there were so many poultry in existence until we recently took a turn through some of our principal cook shops, and beheld thousands of 'em laid out in all the savory apparel which helps to make a dead turkey look pleasing to the eye and tasty to the palate. This is supposed to be the season of "the melancholy days have come" notoriety, but if they don't get any more melancholy than they have been thus far, we can stand 'em like a martyr, and continue to suffer on without impediment. But about the turkeys. New York just skinned the market, *she* did; she freighted ships with tons of roasted turkeys, and sent them on their way to rejoice the soldiers and sailors now defending their country on the land and on the sea. Some of the toughest old gobblers that ever flew the track were smuggled into the service for this occasion, the patriotic turkey dealers considering it a good opportunity to work off their old stock. The armies of the James, and of the Potomac, and of the Shenandoah were bountifully feasted on Thanksgiving turkey, and the accompanying fixins. The lady who does our boarding became so devoted to the cause of the poor suffering soldier that she scorned to purchase a turkey for *our* Thanksgiving dinner for fear that it might deprive the army of a few pounds; that was *her* reason; we have *our* suspicions, however, though not one of us "highest grade of boarders," as she calls the tip toppers (attic lodgers) dare give vent to them; but it is a sort of consolation to know that the turkeys suffered more than we did, and we were reminded of the touching lines of the poet, wherein is asked the tender question:—

Who would be a turkey hen,
Fed and fattened in a pen,
Killed and ate by soldier men,
All on Thanksgiving Day?

Not us, for instance. But where ignorance is bliss—as Balty Sowers once remarked of a chap who was knocked into a dream by means of a touching reminder from his "dangerous left"—it would be very foolish to find out things, or become wise. A striking exemplification of this wise saw we noticed a few days ago, while passing along Broadway. In front of one of the restaurants that line that great avenue, was a large turtle "turned over," as the pretty waiter boys say. Mr. Turtle was seemingly in a very lively and happy frame of mind, and apparently ignorant of the fact that a placard, bearing the following inscription, was spread out upon the outer crust:—"To be served up to-morrow, at 12."..... In the way of amusements, there has been quite a revival since our last, and a refreshing substitution of new and renovated plays for those which, like our Jim's mother, "have seen better days." Brother Wheatley, of Niblo's Garden, presented us with a Thanksgiving feast in the shape of "The Corsican Brothers," most elaborately gotten up, well seasoned, and nicely done. Then Brother Wood, of the Broadway, dished up a "Poor Gentleman," properly attended by Dr. Ollapod and John Owens, and their numerous assistants. Next came Sister Wood, of the Olympic, with her new diet of "Milky White," by a Craven fellow of London. Then there was a grand set out at the Winter Garden; such a serving up of good things we have not seen in many a day; this "big thing," as Abram Lincoln would call it, was "Julius Cæsar," the gentleman who was so uncomfortably killed, suddenly, and unbeknownst to himself, and to do honor to this regal repast, three Booths were secured, and a Kemble as well. But of these extra attractions, our "invaluable corps of auxiliaries" give full accounts in proper their places..... Some people have a call for play actin', some for preachin', some for criminal offences, and some for dinner; *some*, occasionally, mistake their calling, as was the case with Caleb Jones. Old Joshua Swallow was a veteran minister, and one day while preaching against the "spiritual call" to the ministry, he related an anecdote about Caleb Jones who gave his experience in this wise:—"I was one day plowing, and was called to preach by a voice saying, 'Caleb! Caleb!' Who could have called me thus? A boy in the back part of the congregation spoke up—'Maybe it war a bull-frog, Mr. Jones.'" ..... Negro minstrelsy afforded a subject for an article in the *Herald* a few days since, a large portion of which was incorrect, and a small portion pretty true; it was readable, and shows that the subject is not an unpopular one. Minstrelsy is not what it was ten or fifteen years ago, however, for there is far less of the "Negro element" in the composition of minstrel entertainments of the present day than there was then. The "first part" used to be made up of Negro songs, such as "Old Folks at Home," "Carry Me Back," "Dearest May," "Old Kentucky Home," and similar ones, with a sprinkling of comic ditties, all savoring of the old plantation away down South: here and there were interspersed a variety of Negro gags, conundrums, and witty savings; the first part was well-spiced with these funny little sayings and Negro peculiarities, and, with those plaintive Ethiopian ballads we have mentioned, made up what it purported to be, a representation of life among the colored race. There was a greater variety given then, too; and the gags were not worn so threadbare as many are now. As given at the present day, the "first part" of a minstrel show, as a general thing, conveys anything else but an idea of Negro songs and Negro eccentricities; beside this, there is very little freshness about it. We hear and see the same things, night in and night out, with few exceptions, for a year at a time. We hear the same stereotyped opening—"Well, Julius, how do you feel this evening?" "Oh! I'se salubrious," responds the supposed Julius. "And how do you feel, Ephraim?" asks the intelligent middle man again "I feel like a peach," replies Ephraim, or whoever the gentleman may be. "Now we'll have the introductory overture," says the talking man, and it is given with locomotive speed. "Now, gentlemen, for the opening chorus," and the opening chorus is hastily accomplished. Neither overtures or opening choruses have the slightest "affinity" to the Negro people; barring the black hands and faces of the performers, no one would imagine that the entertainment was intended for a Negro minstrel show; then we are treated to a gag, or funny story, which, in its incipient stages, *might* have been considered a good thing, but which, from constant use, is devoid of all jocularity, but we laugh at it because it is our duty to do so to make it go off cleverly, and because it is our contribution to the performance which we have rehearsed with the gentlemen in black for months. Then follows, probably, a ballad, of the "drawing room" character—"When this Cruel War is Over," "Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die," "Thou Art so Near," "Brother's Fainting at the Door," "Beautiful Dreamer," etc., all of them most excellent in their way, but not one of them of the "soulful persuasion." A solo on the clarionet, cornet, or some other wind instrument, helps to fill up the opening—probably another gag is told, and a couple more songs given, and then the first part ends; then follows a mixture of all sorts, ending generally with a plantation dance and chorus, the latter being the only real "Nigger performance" on the bills. We know the whole programme "by heart;" we know what the middle man is going to say, what replies the end men will make; we know the songs, the gags, and everything they do; we are thus wise because we have heard the same things so often. The funny men, with but few exceptions, rely upon old gags to make their points, because the people know exactly when and where to laugh; new gags might jeopardise the funny man's reputation if the audience should fail to see the point, and omit to laugh in the right places. As a "nigger show," strictly considered, minstrel entertainments of the present day will not compare favorably with Ethiopian performances given by bands ten and fifteen years ago; they draw, mind you, and they *seem* to amuse, but there is very little of the Nigger about them; perhaps, like a good many others, our minstrel friends consider it high time the "Nigger" was played out. What we have said, however, is true, notwithstanding some of the new members of the profession may say we are "prejudiced," or "don't know anything about the business," etc.

WHEN MR. LINCOLN suggested that the abolition of slavery in "My Maryland" was a "big thing," he had not, in all probability, seen or heard of the big things on exhibition at Barnum's Museum, otherwise he would have held his hush. Firstly—as scientific preachers say when about to inflict a long and heavy sermon upon the patience of their sleepy hearers—Mr. Barnum has got at his Museum one ton of girls; at least the three fat girls he has just introduced there weigh that much; then he has eight yards of men, or leastwise the three giants who keep the fat girls company are supposed to measure that much standing on top of each other, or eight feet a-piece when standing alone. What! Abey, can your Maryland constitution come up to the constitutions which inhabit these human wonders? Eh? Guess not, probably. Besides all this, Barnum has some little things than even Old Abe has around him among which may be remarked two dwarfs, of the weight of seventeen pounds, one shilling and sixpence each; but the greatest of all these are the fat girls; we tried to get around a third of a ton of 'em the other day, but we couldn't come it; it was impossible to make both ends meet, though we stretched our arms to their utmost capacity; these immense specimens of humanity thrive best and enjoy themselves most in cool weather like the present, which is the fat's time to see them; in summer they dwindle away some, and are not in such full bloom as they are now. Oh, what a crowd of Thanksgivingers attended Barnum's last Thursday! It was a jam from dewy morn till ten at night, and has scarcely ceased yet. It's a good show, is the Museum, and thirty cents cannot be more properly expended, except, perhaps, in purchasing CLIPPERS.

BLOW YE the trumpets, blow the gladly solemn sound, let all the people know where Woodruff's Glass Blowers may be found, which it is at Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway. Ask for Woodruff's Bohemian Glass Blowers, and take no other.

THE BANJO is a curious instrument of several strings and much handle, and to play upon it with fluency requires a master hand, with "lithe and sinewy fingers," as a learned country cow catcher once remarked when a cow's tail escaped his vigorous grasp; but it is with the banjo we have to do, *not* with the cow's tail. Those of our readers, therefore, who may be ignorant of the musical qualities centred in the old banjo will have an opportunity afforded them on the 5th of December of hearing the quaint old instrument when touched by those who have made it their study, for on that evening Mr. Charles B. Bobson will give a Banjo Concert at the Cooper Institute. There will probably be a large muster of banjo admirers present on the occasion.

HOW OFTEN in our childhood have we sought the halls of magic and watched the filling of the large iron cauldron that hung suspended in the centre of the stage. We heard the water dash against its sides; we saw the men bring in the overflowing pails, and yet after all it was found to be empty. The sudden disappearance of the water was with us a subject of serious thought. A magician seemed to us, in those bright and happy days, to be a person gifted with supernatural power, and one who could compel old Satan himself to leave his bake-shop in the realms below. Well do we remember the glitter and show that attended the performances of Macallister. Well do we remember the little boy that was almost buried in the feathers taken from a single hat. That was in the days gone by, when Mons. Adrien, at the Apollo Rooms, produced, for the first time in America, the wonderful trick of suspension in mid-air. Who has forgotten Signor Blitz and his trained canary birds? How he did delight in making children wash out handkerchiefs, and how his eyes twinkled when he pulled from their pockets an enormous carrot or a bunch of beets. Days, weeks, and months passed by and then Prof. Anderson came from England to astonish us with his flow of language, and to quench our thirst with the contents of his magic bottle. In later days we have had Herman, who is said by some to have been the devil in human form. But Heller is the magician who is now occupying the attention of the New York public. What any professor of the black art can do, *he* can do. The Davenport Brothers succeeded in gulling the public with their rope tying feat, and attributed its accomplishment to spiritual influence. Robert Le Diable has not only done precisely the same thing, but far surpassed all their efforts, and openly proclaimed that it was a trick—a mere deception. Heller is a combination of all wizards, and his style of entertainment cannot be excelled. He is so polite, so genteel, so witty, that hundreds of the blooming damsels of sweet sixteen who inhabit this great metropolis have declared their intentions to pay him another visit. Would you hear music sweeter far than Æolian harps, music that drives dull care away and soothes the troubled breast? Then go at once to this prince of conjurors; watch his nimble fingers dance along the key board, and drink in the melody that he elicits from an instrument that seems to obey him like a willing slave. We have listened to Thalberg, we have heard the soul-thrilling notes of Gottschalk, but, in our humble opinion, there is more true genius displayed in the playing of Heller. Hundreds crowd his Salle Diabolique every night, watch his dealings with "the spirit in scarlet," behold him thrust his sword through the basket containing the mischievous imp, and then—but go and judge for yourself whether the report be true or not that the mantle of Merlin has fallen on the shoulders of Heller.

ADAM, that curious individual who made himself a pair of green breeches at Eve's suggestion, and did not care a fig about them, either, is said to have had dominion over the beasts of the earth. This was undoubtedly the case, but Prof. Langworthy, at Van Amburgh's Menagerie, bids fair to rival the original wild beast tamer. In fearless daring and grace of attitude we have seen few to equal him. Everything that you can think of in the shape of beasts and birds is on exhibition at this menagerie. The giraffe, brought from the interior of Africa, still lives, but those who desire to see this wonderful animal should take an early opportunity for so doing as, owing to the injurious nature of our climate, its death may be expected at any moment. The war elephant, Hannibal, together with his trunk and bandbox, may be seen at all hours. By the by, speaking of elephants, reminds us of a little anecdote. It seems that a travelling showman, in a distant country town, was on one occasion expatiating about the sagacity of his elephant. "This, ladies and gentlemen, is an animal as mysterious as the ways of the Creator. He is as docile as a lamb, and as playful as a kitten. Often is the time he has rocked the cradle of my darling babe. Sir," says he, addressing a countryman in the crowd, who was catching flies with his mouth, "Sir, give me a five dollar bill and this wonderful animal will not only place it in that box just twenty feet above your head, but he will also lock the box and hand me the key." The countryman consented, handed over the money, and the elephant did the deed. "How am I to get my money again?" asked the countryman, after waiting some time. "I really don't know," replied the keeper, as he disappeared behind the canvas, "you must ask the animal himself, for we never learnt him that trick." Fathers and mothers should take their children to the Menagerie and show them the inhabitants of the animal kingdom. What if the lion does roar? Is it not the voice of nature. What if the monkeys do chatter and fight? Do not children frequently do the same. Those who have an eye for the beautiful can have that taste gratified by wandering through the Ornithological Department, and beholding the brilliant plumage of birds brought together from all parts of the globe. During the summer months a *Corps* of Artists were employed to improve and decorate the building, and everything has been done to secure the comfort of its patrons. Go, then, and visit Van Amburgh's Menagerie.

AT THE OLYMPIC, last week, the chief attraction was a new and original drama, in two acts, by H. T. Craven, Esq. (author of the "Chimney Corner"), entitled "Milky White." There is a home feeling about the drama, and we are led at once to believe that the characters are drawn from life. We see just such people in our every day communication with the world, though they neither speak in the same manner nor wear the same clothes. Out of two or three persons of humble origin and middling circumstances a highly interesting play has been wrought, and sentiment and humor has been so mingled that the audience are alternately moved to laughter and to tears. Mr. Craven, in his style of writing, greatly resembles Dickens; each character is distinct and separate, and as much care has been bestowed upon one as upon the other. Milky White is a gross, irritable fellow, always at swords points with his neighbors, and the laughing stock of the village. Little boys throw rats in his garden and bawl at him through the window, and, to add to his misfortunes, he is "deaf as a post." Although he appears ill-natured to strangers, still he loves and idolizes his daughter, and is continually making her presents in the shape of expensive bonnets. Having been restored to his hearing by the skill of a young medical student, he unfortunately overhears a conversation between his child and the cow-boy. Imagining that they are waiting anxiously for his death in order to marry, he turns them both out of the house. Next morning, when thinking over the ungratefulness of his child, his breakfast is brought to him by Mrs. Sadrip, a neighbor, whom he has continually abused. He resolves to reform his ways, is reconciled to his daughter, finds out she is worthy of his love, gives her to the student, makes the cow-boy his managing clerk, proposes to Mrs. S., is accepted, and down comes the curtain. Mr. Holston, in his rendering of this difficult character, is truly great. He forgets the theatre, forgets that it is a play, and fancies that he actually is Milky White. Mr. Parsloe gave us an excellent specimen of a simple country lad, Archibald Good was cleverly represented by Mr. Berry. Mrs. Gilbert appeared as Mrs. Sadrip, and Miss Myers took the part of Annie White. The latter sang the ballad of Early Love with sweetness and feeling. "Milky White" may, in our opinion, be considered as worthy "to be continued."

"DON'T LAY the flattering unction to your soul" that Artemus Ward tells the same stories, and the same gags, and gives the same instructive information every night. No, no, turkey-loving friends, he does no such thing. His fund of information is as ample and as lasting as the funded debt of the Confederate States; his sources of fun and gaggery are as prolific as those good old dames of yore, who foresaw this war, and prepared the fighting material for it accordingly. Yea, friends, Artemus is never at a loss for good jokes; like neighbor Greeley, he always knows where to get "nine hundred thousand more." If he finds a clever thing beginning to lose its edge, he don't attempt to sharpen it up and shave his beloved hearers another week with it; no, he casts it adrift, like a worn-out mule, and draws upon his everlasting base for fresh supplies. So, you unbelieving free-thinkers, who think you have heard Ward in *all* his gay and festive effulgence, be undeceived; retrace your steps to Dodworth Hall, gaze upon that form once more, list to the still, small voice of the Artemusian lecturer, and you will enjoy yourself as you did when first you visited the Mormon Show, and laughed with wild delight. Go to, friend, go to Artemus Ward's.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, in spite of the heavy rain storm on the evening of the 21st, was crowded from parquet to dome. Beauty simpered and giggled, and ogled and sighed, and flirted and talked. Maidens of "sweet sixteen" were there with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. Young widows delighted the ear with their merry laugh, and through their parted lips disclosed a wealth of ivory. Young men, old men, bachelors, and widows gazed on the fairer portion of creation, and whistled to themselves the familiar air of "I should like to Marry." The melodrama of the Corsican Brothers has been produced in a superior style by Mr. Wheatley. The costumes are appropriate, and the scenery, by Hilliard, charms the eye with its truthfulness to nature. The play abounds in thrilling tableaux and spiritual manifestations. No medium is required for the latter, except it be the circulating medium of dollars and cents. The appearance of the ghost is admirably arranged, and a friend of ours, a sort of wag, said it resembled gold in its sudden rise and fall. In the second act a grand harlequinade has been introduced, and the stage seems to swarm with people. The merry clown, the jolly tar, the Indian chief, the shivering pace, Friend Broadbrim, and a host of others foot it merrily at the Parisian Ball. M'lle. Lina Wincelli is graceful in her dancing, and her eyes, like twinkling stars, are said to be exceedingly dangerous to susceptible youths. Mr Wheatley undertook to represent the twin brothers, and succeeded in so doing. What curious persons those twin brothers are! First you see one of them, and then you don't see him, and then you see some one who looks very much like him, and then you see him again. This is kept up until the end of the play, but in our opinion, it might be kept up still further. Just as we become interested in the plot and are preparing ourselves for some terrific denoument, lo! and behold, down comes the curtain. Will not some enterprising dramatist carry out for our special benefit the after life of this loving couple? Just think of it—the adventures of two dead men. Why it would render the name of the author immortal, and fill his pockets with greenbacks. The manager, in his make-up of the twins, was excellent. Mr. Pope, who has not appeared before a New York audience for six years, gave us a gentlemanly rendering of the character of Chateau Renaud. He is possessed of a deep, though melodious voice, and is destined to become a favorite. The other artists who took part in the drama performed in a highly creditable manner, and strove to secure for the Corsican Brothers the success it has achieved.

THE THEATRICAL PUBLIC were agreeably startled on Friday evening, Nov. 25th, by the appearance at the Winter Garden of the Three Booths, sons of the great Booth, who appeared in Shakespeare's grand and historical tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," for the benefit of the Shakespeare Monument Fund. The prices of admission were $5 for orchestra chairs, $1 50 for parquet and dress circle, and $1 to family circle. The orchestra seats were run back into the parquet, taking up five rows of seats, making 150 extra orchestra seats. Long before the time arrived for opening, in the lobby of the theatre, and on the pavement in front of the house, an immense concourse of people had assembled; when the doors were opened, such crushing and screaming of women is seldom heard in a theatre. So great was the crowd that a strong posse of police had to be sent for to preserve order and force every one into line. In half an hour after the doors were opened there was not a seat to be had in the house for love or money. We heard the manager offered two and three dollars each, more than a hundred times, for a chair to place in the aisles, but we are happy to say that he peremptorily refused in every case, notwithstanding a large amount of money might have been obtained in this way. Mr. Stuart refused to let a chair be placed in the aisles, preferring to study the comfort and safety of those who had seats. The manager deserves great praise for this. When the curtain rose there was an audience of over 2000 persons present, composed of the *elite* of the city, and one of the most intelligent we have ever seen in any theatre. The cast of characters was as follows—Cassius, Junius Brutus Booth; Brutus, Edwin Booth; Marc Antony, John Wilkes Booth; Julius Cæsar, E. Varrey; Casca, C. Komble Mason; Porcia, Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau. Of every historical transaction, Shakespeare knew how to seize the true poetical point of view, and to give unity and rounding to a series of events, detached from the innumerable extent of history, without in any degree changing them. The public life of ancient Rome is called up from its grave, and exhibited before our eyes with the utmost grandeur and freedom of the dramatic form, and the heroes of Plutarch are ennobled by the most eloquent poetry. Cæsar is not the hero of the piece, but Brutus; the completion of his great resolve does not consist in the mere assassination of Cæsar (an action ambiguous in itself, and of which the motives might have been ambition and jealousy), but in this, that he proves himself the pure Champion of Roman liberty, by the calm sacrifice of his amiable life. The amiable beauty of this character, his feeling and patriotic heroism, are portrayed by Shakespeare with peculiar care. Yet the poet has painted out with great nicety the superiority of Cassius over Brutus in independent volition, and discernment in judging of human affairs. The theatrical effect of this play is injured by a partial falling off of the last two acts, compared with the preceding, in external splendor and rapidity. The conspiracy is a true conspiracy, which, in stolen interviews and in the dead of night, prepares the blow which is to be struck in open day, and which is to change the constitution of the world; the confused througing before the murder of Cæsar, the general agitation even of the perpetrators after the deed, are all portrayed with most masterly skill; with the funeral procession, and the speech of Antony, the effect reaches its utmost height. In Antony we observe a mixture of great qualities, weaknesses and vices, violent ambition and ebullitions of magnanimity. We see him now sinking into luxurious enjoyment, and then nobly ashamed of his own aberrations; manning himself to resolutions not unworthy of himself, which are always shipwrecked against the seductions of an artful woman. The open and lavish character of Antony is admirably contrasted with the heartless litheness of Octavius, whom Shakespeare seems to have completely seen through, without allowing himself to be led astray by the fortune and the fame of Augustus. Mr. Junius Booth made his first appearance in this city after an absence of many years, he having been in California for a long time. His conception of the part of Cassius was chaste, just, and appropriate. He manifested much judgment and discernment, and was correct, vigorous, and grand. His fourth act was one brilliant, steady blaze of genius throughout. His interview with Brutus in the last scene was fraught with tenderness and brotherly affection. He was completely self-possessed, there was a firmness in his tread and general deportment, and the tones of his voice were clear, rapid, and decisive, like those of a man conscious of his strength, and resolved to scatter aside, by a single blow, the vexations which an antagonist had thrown in the way. In his march of triumph up and down, to and fro, he went pacing about like the chafed lion who has received his fatal hurt, but whose strength is still undiminished. The fury and whirlwind of the passions seemed to have endowed him with supernatural strength. His eye was glittering, his veins swollen, and his whole figure restless and violent. The impression he made upon his audience has perhaps not been excelled on the New York boards for many years. In personal appearance his figure is manly and graceful, with fine expressive features and melodious voice. That the American stage possesses a great actor in Mr. Junius Booth, there cannot be a doubt, and we congratulate him on his arrival in the metropolis, where he has suddenly established a reputation he may well be proud of. He is a true actor, who never permits his acting to degenerate into rant, and never allows himself, for the sake of gaining a round of applause, to sacrifice that truthfulness which he knows will secure him the approval of the just and temperate critic. While his general tone is quiet and equable, we find that whatever passion is to be portrayed, he is intense to a degree that more vehement actors cannot approach. Edwin Booth appeared as Brutus, and was excellent. His conception of the part is evidently the result of long and diligent meditation, and its execution is as bold as it is successful in its effect. Mr. Charles Kemble Mason appeared as Casca. He has a sing-song style of elocution, which fails to strike on the ear pleasingly, or effect the heart with genuine emotion. He elongates his words, those commencing with r he rolls off in great style. There is one thing he seems almost entirely to disregard—we mean propriety of action. He seems not to know that action will say much more than words, by his manner of extending his arms, as if to encompass the ambient air. The actor who cannot speak naturally, without running up and down the gamut, is no true actor. John Wilkes Booth's Marc Antony was a creditable performance. He is a very extraordinary young man; it is really surprising to see with what ability he assumes and supports characters of such various ages, and kinds. His speech in the forum was a great piece of elocution. The only defect we observed in Mr. Varrey's Julius Cæsar, was the thickness and inaudibility of his voice in those passages which the Poet intended should be most sonorous. With respect to the originality of conception—to the composing and discomposing the gravity of his muscles—and to his surprising the auditors with those vivid ejaculations, those sudden starts, and judicious pauses, which so plentifully abound with him, he was excellent. The piece was well put on the stage and well acted. When the three Booths made their entrance in the first act, coming on side by side, they were received with an outburst of applause seldom heard within the walls of any theatre. At the end of every act they were called before the curtain, also between the scenes. The affair throughout was a decided success, and must have netted a handsome sum to the fund. When the curtain rose on the second act, a fire was discovered in one of the front rooms of the Lafarge Hotel, just over the entrance to the theatre. Almost in an instant the firemen were on hand, and several of them with hose in hand came rushing pell mell into the vestibule of the theatre, crying fire. One can well imagine the excitement it created among such an immense assemblage. Women screamed and ran terrified from the parquet and dress circle. We happened to be close to the doors in the parquet, and upon getting out into the lobby were hurried along in the crowd, knocked over, and found ourselves mixed promiscuously among fallen humanity. We saw several magnificent dresses completely stripped from ladies, also bonnets and furs lying under the feet. For a couple of minutes the scene beggared description. The police arrived, and by main force compelled the audience to remain quiet. Quite a number of ladies, however, left the house. It is really surprising that nothing more serious occurred, so great was the crowd.

FIRE!—There was almost a panic in several of our theatres on Friday evening, Nov. 25th, caused by the incendiary attempts to fire the city. Those of our readers abroad not acquainted with the location of our theatres may not comprehend why the fires at the hotels should affect the theatres, etc. To such we would remark that Niblo's Garden is connected with the Metropolitan Hotel, both establishments being erected on the one lot of ground; the Winter Garden is in like manner connected with the Lafarge Hotel; Wood's Minstrel Hall is directly opposite the St. Nicholas; Barnum's is nearly opposite the Astor House. The excitement seems to have reached nearly every place of amusement in the city. At Barnum's Museum fire was discovered behind the back stairs, and things were decidedly warm and lively for a short time, until it was ascertained that the danger was over; at one time there was a general stampede. When the fire was burning at the Metropolitan, the alarm reached the audience at Niblo's, and a portion of them "acted as if they had heard bad news." When the St. Nicholas Hotel was seen to be on fire, the audience at Wood's Minstrels (directly opposite) becoming alarmed, were let out over the stage and through the back door. This means of egress was announced from the stage by Cool White, in order to allay any great alarm, and to preserve the ladies' dresses from injury by water, etc., should they attempt to leave by way of Broadway. This was a timely notice for the ladies, and gave them a chance to get a "peep behind the scenes" while making their first and probably "last appearance upon the stage." At the Winter Garden there was a big scare for a little while, and some good clothes were damaged in the scrush. There was an alarm also at the Academy of Music, but we are not aware that there was any real ground for it, except the general excitement. In fact, at all the theatres and various halls of amusement there was more or less excitement after the reports of the various fires began to spread.

JOHN OWENS appeared as Dr. Ollapod, in the "Poor Gentleman," at the Broadway Theatre, last week, and although he was in some respects good, the performance as a whole was not great; the author's words were not considered sufficient to answer the purpose of Mr. Owens, so he "interpolated" some of his own. Men whose tastes and inclinations adapt them for one particular pursuit in life, seldom succeed in other pursuits. Some actors who are truly great in one character, and identify themselves with that character, are frequently remiss when they attempt another; they are judged, it would seem, by that character they have made a speciality, and though under other circumstances they might appear to advantage in most characters, yet, taking this speciality as a standard, they fail, in a measure, when appearing in another class of delineations. Perhaps it was owing to this fact that John Owens did not loom up largely in Dr. Ollapod; he will always be tried by that great speciality of his, Solon Shingle, in which all traces of the actor are lost, and we see only the character itself. To be sure, the Dr. Ollapod of Mr. Owens was much applauded, but when the curtain arose on the "People's Lawyer," those persons who seemed somewhat fatigued in the early part of the evening suddenly brightened up, and when Solon appeared, all was scene, and the audience laid back for a rare treat, and in this they were not disappointed. The "Poor Gentleman" has been produced without a sufficient regard to details some of the scenery being shabby. Let Manager Wood look to these things; he has the people with him just now, and he should strain every nerve to keep them with him; if a new piece is produced, let it be clothed in style, and acted well in every part; and if John Owens finds the Doctor a little draggy, let him substitute something that is *not* draggy, when compared with Solon Shingle. Large audiences continue to visit the Broadway, and it looks as though John Owens would act it out on that line all winter.

THE LONG ENGAGEMENT of J. S. Clark, at the Winter Garden, was brought to a close on the 24th of November. The early portion of Mr. Clarke's performances were more remunerative than the closing series, probably owing to the fact that nothing of a fresh and meritorious character was presented during the past few weeks. Mr. Clark appears at the Arch, Philadelphia, this week.

POLITICS we don't pretend to know much about; but we can tell you, actor and minstrel men, where to go and get a good character minstrel, old line, or any other sort of wig, vizly, at Paul De Spotte's, No. 15 West Houston St., N. Y. He's a clever man, is De Spotte, and no *despot* at a bargain, either. "Spot his advertisement in another column.

THE AMERICAN EQUESTRIAN DRAMATIC COMBINATION, consisting of Miss Kate Raymond, the dashing equestrienne and actress, Miss Winnie Dement, the beautiful and accomplished vocalist, Mr. O. B. Collins, the well-known melo-dramatic actor and equestrian; and Mr. H. B. Gates' champion mare, Black Bess, are at present in the city, and state that they are prepared to negotiate with managers for the production of the best equestrian dramas to be found in the *repertoire* of any other artist or company of artists in the business. In an advertisement in another column it will be seen that in addition to the old standard pieces, this combination have added eight new equestrian dramas to their *repertoire*, written expressly for them by talented play wrights. Managers should make a note of the aforesaid advertisement. Mr. Gates repeats his challenge to any performing stage horse proprietor in the world, to compete for $1000 a side. Who will take the Green backs?"

MR. GEORGE LEA, the enterprising Music Hall manager, has taken the Varieties in the Bowery, and will open it under his management on Dec. 5th. Talent is wanted, see advertisement.

"MASANIELLO" was produced last week at the Old Bowery, and continued throughout the week to excellent houses. Miss Fanny Herring appeared as Fiuella, and created a very favorable impression. The piece was well put upon the stage, the scenery being really excellent. The piece included the entire strength of the company. This week Manager Fox produces a new version of the fairy drama of "Little Red Riding Hood," with Fanny Herring as Red Riding Hood, and G. L. Fox as Julian. The sensation drama of "The Hand of Cards" and the patriotic drama of "The Spirit of Seventy Six," will also be produced. J. B. Studley appears as Gipsy Joe of the Dell, and Miss Denvil as Mary Langley, in the "Hand of Cards."

"444," THE variety theatre of the city, continues to attract crowded and delighted audiences. Charley Fox, late of Wood's Minstrels, has joined the forces at this establishment, making his appearance this evening. Miss Blanche Stanly and Frank Lacy also put in an appearance this evening. Charley White, James Wambold and Johnny Wild form a bright constellation of ecktographists. Mons. Grossi leads the ballet, and everything goes off with eclat.

AT THE NEW BOWERY, the stock company had it all to themselves last week. "Fabian the Serf, and Pauline of Bourbon," a sensation drama, was produced early in the week, and on Thanksgiving night "Frozen Regions, or the Great Exploring Expedition," was brought out. This week, Manager Lingard brings out the latest sensation drama of "Waiting for the Verdict," introducing Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gomersal, who appear in their original characters.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS are still pleasing the people at their old quarters in the Bowery. We noticed the absence of Harry Leslie one night last week, but having recovered from his indisposition, is on hand this week. Johnny Booker has been added to the company, and puts in an appearance shortly.

A TESTIMONIAL BENEFIT to Mr Charles Peters comes off at the Academy of Music, Dec. 8th. All the managers in the city have the affair in charge, and we trust it will prove to Mr. Peters a benefit indeed.

AT VAN AMBURGH'S MENAGERIE, on Suday, Nov 27th, an exciting scene occurred while the keepers were placing some newly arrived animals in the cages. A large leopard made his escape from the box in which he had been brought from Calcutta, and took peremptory possession of the premises. There was hurrying in hot haste for a few minutes. It is said that the agility of the leopard was infinitely surpassed by that exhibited by Capt. Taylor, the burly watchman, who transferred his 310 pounds avoirdupoise up one flight of stairs, down another and out into the street in considerable less time than it takes to read this account of his hegira. When the first surprise was over, the keepers, under the direction of Mr. Frost, armed with scrapers, clubs, and all sorts of offensive and defensive weapons, made an onslaught on the feline "critter," which, to tell the truth, was probably the most frightened individual in the crowd. The leopard was finally driven into a corner, where a rough box was built over him, from which he was safely transferred to the den which has been assigned him for his permanent quarters.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS did a big business last week. On Thanksgiving, two performances were given, netting over $1,000. Every night the house was crowded. This week a choice programme is offered, introducing the Company in several new acts. The burlesque of "Camille" is revived, with Purdy as Camille, and Archy Hughes as Armand. Purdy gives his laughable song of "Mother I've Come Home to Eat." The excellent quartette of this company will give "Come where My Love Lies Dreaming," which is done in excellent style. Messrs. Henry and Lockwood will sing two new ballads, and the funny men, Purdy and Hughes, will spread themselves as usual. Wood's Minstrel Hall is one of our most popular places of amusement in the city, and is well patronised.

MISS METHUA SCHELLER continues her successful engagement at the Stadt Theatre. She has appeared as Ophelia and Pauline to large and appreciative audiences. On Friday, Dec. 2d, she appears for the first time as Emilia Galotti. For her benefit, she will give "Othello," when Mr Chas. Pope will appear in the character of Othello for the first time in German. He speaks the language, it is said, with great fluency.

A NEW GERMAN THEATRE is spoken of on the west side of the town, where performances will be given in a Wallackian style of elegance. Mr. G. G. Methus is to be the technical manager. Mr. Paul Falk is the entrepreneur.

Dramatic.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, Lexington, Ky., is still open with a dramatic company, under the management of H. A. Weaver. Bella Golden commenced a two weeks' engagement November 4th. This lady took a farewell benefit November 18th, playing in "Peep o' Day." Business is good, the Lexingtonians turning out and patronising the drama well.

A DANSEUSE, one that is young and pretty, is wanted by Manager Ellsler for the Academy of Music, Cleveland. See advertisement.

N. C. FORRESTER'S travelling dramatic company has been doing a paying business since it started from Troy, N.Y. A correspondent, writing on the 20th of Nov., says:—"In Troy we played one month to good houses. We then started on our tour, and Saratoga Springs was our first stopping place; there we remained five nights, playing to but moderate business. Whitehall was the next place. We then went to Rutland, Vt.; there the same success attended us. Our next stopping place was Burlington, Vt., where good houses nightly greeted us. We remained six nights in each of the above-mentioned places. We opened in Montpelier, Vt., for a season of two weeks, at the conclusion of which time we were induced to remain another week. On the 24th of Nov. we open at Concord, N.H., with "Hidden Hand" and "Dodging for a Wife." Our company consists of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Barker, D. Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Forrester, W. G. Easton, Geo. Maddocks, W. James, J. Huse, Chas. Webster, Nellie Wyatt, and Annie Wilford.

IN DETROIT the "Ticket of Leave Man" was produced at the Athenæum, Nov. 21st. Our correspondent Pluto says:—"The Bob Brierly of Mr. Claude Hamilton was as near perfection as possible, and elicited a good share of applause. Mr. F. Bock, in the *role* of Melton Moss, was excellent. Miss M. A. Penoyer rendered May Edwards in a fine manner. The Emily St. Evremond of Miss Lena Prentice, although a good piece of acting, could be improved upon. Miss Helen Florence as Sam and Harry Jordan as Green Jones kept the audience convulsed with laughter, although in my humble opinion the former character was slightly overdone."

A DRAMATIC COMPANY under the management of Messrs. Bennett & Butler is travelling through the country. They were at Allyn Hall, Hartford, Conn., Nov. 22d and 23d, with Mollie Williams and Felix Vincent as the stars. The company consists of Messrs. R. Johnson, Harry Gilbert, George Edwards, J. F. Pike, W. Ware, J. J. Collins, Knapp, and F. Siddons, Nelly Grover, Addy Mentress, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Cantor, and M'lle. Francis. Harry Howard is agent. On the 28th and 29th of Nov. they were at New Haven, thence to New London, Providence, Norwich, and Willimantic, and on the 9th of Dec. open in Syracuse for two weeks.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN BROOKLYN

Widow for the Second Time" was an exceedingly clever performance. The rest of the company performed according to their *wont* ..... On Monday, Nov. 28th, "East Lynne" at the Arch. "The Lakes of Killarney," "An Hour in Seville," "Teddy the Tiler," "Barney the Baron," formed the entertainment for the week of Barney Williams and his wife. On Monday next, Nov. 28th, John S. Clarke begins as Waddilove in the "Fat Boy," Paul Patent in "Love in Livery," and Smashington in "Somebody's Coat." Business at the Arch during the Williams' engagement has been immense ..... Mr. De Cordova lectured at Concert Hall on Thanksgiving evening to a large audience. His subject was "Courtship and Marriage." ..... Mrs. Charles Warner's Circus, at the Continental Theatre, has been meeting with great success. Eaton Stone appears in his great bareback act. Tom King astonishes the audience by jumping over eight horses. The Denzer Brothers are great favorities here, and Sidney the clown makes some very funny jokes. William Kennedy, a clown at whom it was very hard to laugh, left the company last week. Mrs. Warner's company is the best we have had in Philadelphia for a long time, and she deserves to meet with success. Prof. Hutchinson and his wonderfully trained dogs appear this week.

Music Halls.

EVERYTHING NEW was offered the patrons of the Canterbury last week by Manager Lea. A new company of stars, with new stage effects, new scenery, and a new burlesque were on the bills. James Melville and his talented family of children first attract our attention. These wonderful gymnastic performers are, in their line of business, without rivals in this country. M'lle Desiree, *danseuse*, and M. Mathieu, pantomimist and dancer, late of the Martinetti troupe, were also among the new faces who put in an appearance. John Mulligan, the tallest and one of the most eccentric Ethiopian comedians in the business, put in a re-appearance, assisted by those sons of Momus, Leavitt and Johnny Pierce. The equestrian burlesque of "Mazeppa" was "did" last week, with Mulligan as Mazep. Mulligan did not ride Flora Temple, but the horse Flipmagander, made expressly for him. A matinee was given on Thanksgiving day.

MR. JOHN WEAVER having leased Union Hall, Wilmington, Del., was to open it November 23d as a music hall. Lou Frazer, Samuel Williams, Annie Sinclair, Annie Martin, Mons. Le Vernon, Harry Harrison, George Brookfield, and A. Pysen are in the company.

THE CANTERBURY, Harrisburg, Pa., under the management of Oyster & Keen, is said to be doing a good business. They have a good company at present. Among them we find Joe Miller, Ned Haven, Sam Welser, Jim Flake, Charley Rover, J. C. Keen, Prof. Stephany, Miss Clara Williams, Miss Malinda Keen, and Miss Viola Howard. Matt Gebler, the comic vocalist, was to commence there Nov 28th.

THE MELODEON, BALTIMORE, offered its patrons last week a strong bill, and Manager Gardner was well paid in greenbacks. Miss Cherry Belle made her first bow to a Baltimore audience, and in her imitations of some of our popular actors, written by herself, and introducing her banjo solo, which drew forth peals of laughter from the house, also in her great character of "Don Juan," also, for the first time in that city, the French melo-drama entitled "The Ferryman," produced under the immediate direction of W. J. Thompson, introducing his two trained dogs, Hector and Carlo. The Devere Sisters, Millie, Ida and Fanny made their appearance last week and were well received. On Monday, Nov. 28th, W. H. Ashton, Miss Emma Ashton and Master Frank Ashton were to make their first appearance at this establishment.

THE CASINO, Philadelphia, manages to get hold of all the best talent to be had, and it is to this fact, as well as to the energy of its manager, that it owes its success. Mr. W. B. Harrison, the well-known comic singer and impromptu rhymer, is one of the latest engagements effected, that gentleman being announced to appear there on the 28th of November. A. J. Leavitt and Johnny Pearce, Ethiopian delineators, have also been secured. Kathleen O'Neil is in her fourth week at this house.

FRED AIMS' MELODEON, Pittsburgh, is meeting with success, and has one of the best companies, it is said, outside of New York, but lacks one very important character, viz: a female vocalist.

TONY PASTOR commences at the Canterbury, Washington, Dec. 5th.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, New Orleans, with the Variety company, under the stage management of Mons. La Thorne, is doing the best business of any place of amusement in that city. Chas. E. Collins, Miss Maud Stanley, and Walter Wentworth joined the forces Nov. 17th. A new comic trick pantomime is in active rehearsal for the holidays. Business, a correspondent says, has been splendid ever since the opening night.

THE OXFORD HALL OF MUSIC opened on Nov. 21st, and was a decided success. The Oxford is for beauty and convenience a model music hall. The company is powerful and embraces plenty of real talent—Mame. Marzetti, Mons. Antonio, Julia Christine, Bob Butler, Amelia Wells, John Senia, of Wood and Shaw piano fame, and Hughey Dougherty, as well as thirty-eight other performers. Business on Thanksgiving day was tremendous, the receipts amounting to $976. The Oxford ranks amongst the leading institutions of Washington, and Messrs. Fox, Curran & Norris will, we apprehend, soon be re-paid for their immense outlay of altering the building.

MISS NELLY HUNTLEY, the pleasing cantatrice, is, as will be seen by Messrs. Conner & Lea's advertisement in another column, open for engagements with first-class managers.

ALEXANDER BOLDY, the competent ballet master and pantomimist, formerly connected with the Zanfretta ballet troupe, may be engaged through Messrs. Conner and Lea, dramatic and musical agents, No. 25 West Houston street, N.Y.

MR. W. A. WRAY, the versatile performer, is attached to the Lea combination. Parties requiring his services can obtain them through his agents, Messrs. Conner & Lea.

ANDY LEAVITT and Johnny Pierce, Ethiopian comedians, are at present performing at Alexandria, Va. Managers wishing their services can get them through their agents, Messrs. Conner & Lea.

Negro Minstrelsy.

HARRY MACON, banjoist, late of S. S. Sanford's troupe, was in Wilmington, Del., November 22d, lying at the point of death. His disease is hemorrhage of the lungs.

CHARLEY BACKUS took a benefit at the Eureka, San Francisco, Oct. 24th. The San Francisco Minstrels appeared in the farce of "A Contraband" in white faces. A host of volunteers appeared, and the occasion was a happy one to ye Backus.

WILSON'S MINSTRELS, composed of the following people—Billy Norwood, Ned Turner, F. Lapham, N. B. Shimer, Dr. D. Wilson, Master Tommy, Frank Mintford, musical director, H. Squires, agent—performed at Auburn, N.Y., Nov. 24th. Gifts of flour, furniture, etc. are disposed of by the managers.

HAVERLY'S COMBINATION MINSTRELS were billed for Utica, N. Y., Nov. 24th.

MORAN'S MINSTRELS have made the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia, a popular place of resort, it being nightly filled with well pleased audiences. New acts, new ballads, new dances, and new jokes make up a most excellent programme for the current week.

"NEW YEAR CALLS" has made another decided hit at the Opera House of Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, in Philadelphia, and will probably have the call of the public until after the holidays. It is well put upon the stage. "The Peake Bell Ringers" re-appear this week.

"HAVERLY'S GREAT COMBINATION MINSTRELS" and Brass Band are now on their second annual tour. There are twenty-two performers in this company, about one-fourth of whom are ladies, and all the evidence we have goes to prove that they are talented and give pleasing performances. Their route, as laid out, is through the Canadas, British Provinces, New England, and then the principal cities in the western States. For names of company and other particulars, see advertisement elsewhere.

HARRY BUTLER, formerly End Man for Forrests's Minstrels, has put off the cork, and is now agent for Whiston.

BILLY ARLINGTON has sold his interest in the firm of Arlington, Leon, and Kelly's Minstrels, and has withdrawn from the company. He is at present organizing a company to travel for a couple of months, and then intends settling down in St. Louis.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON-CLADS opened in Hartford, Nov. 24th, to a $600 house. The second night was equally as good.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS were at Toledo on Nov. 26th, and were to stay two nights more. They were to go thence to Fort Wayne, 30th; Peru, Dec. 1st; Logansport, 2d; and Lafayette, 3d and 5th.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, in Brooklyn, have the addition to their company this week of Frank Brower, the well-known comedian, and Frank Howard, banjoist and general performer. Frank Brower appears in his characteristic dance of "Happy Uncle Tom." The festival dance of "All Cross Over" concludes the performance every evening. Business continues first rate with Brother Hooley.

DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS continue their journey through the Canadas, gathering a harvest of silver "as they go marching along." On Nov. 29th they close in that part of the country, and open in Detroit Dec. 2d, for two nights.

Circuses.

CIRCUS PLUNDER of various sorts, sizes and kinds, including canvas, ropes, horses and harness, is advertised for sale by E. Derious in another column.

MR. CHAS. RIVERS, a very clever circus performer, and who was with Geo. Bailey's Circus the past season, is at present lying very low with bilious fever at his mother's house in this city, at 55th street.

Miscellaneous.

THE CHASE AND NEWCOMB exhibition did not open at Williams' Hall, Boston, as advertised. The show laid up for a short time, for the purpose of adding several new scenes among which was the "Life of a Fireman." The exhibition commenced at Walt's Hall, South Boston, Thanksgiving night, to remain three nights.

WHISTON, THE HUMORIST, has made great arrangements for his winter campaign; his *Twenty Sheet Poster*, in colors, engraved by Mr. L. C. Mix, of Rochester, is said to be a fine specimen of work. We copy the following from the Rochester (N. Y.) *Express*: "John W. Whiston, the celebrated delineator of eccentric characters, having the past year visited the principal cities of the Eastern and Middle States, Canada and the British Provinces, has for some two weeks been stopping in our city, preparing for his winter campaign. He has had executed some splendid photographs of his characters, by Evans, worth four hundred dollars, and Mr. Mix has made several fine cuts of his various impersonations. The business of the concern is entrusted to Mr. A. B. Palmer. This gentleman came to this country from London in 1856, with the original Arctic Voyages, owned by Dr. Beal, of Philadelphia. He was then treasurer, and afterwards proprietor, of the celebrated 'War in India'; since which time he has held many responsible situations in the exhibition line. Mr. Whiston will start on his way in a few days, and we advise our readers, wherever he may appear, to visit him." Mr. Harry Butler, who has been connected with the exhibition business for many years, precedes them as advertising agent.

PROF. MILLER opened on Nov. 21st at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh.

A MAGIC LANTERN is advertised for in this issue of the CLIPPER. See address, etc., in another column.

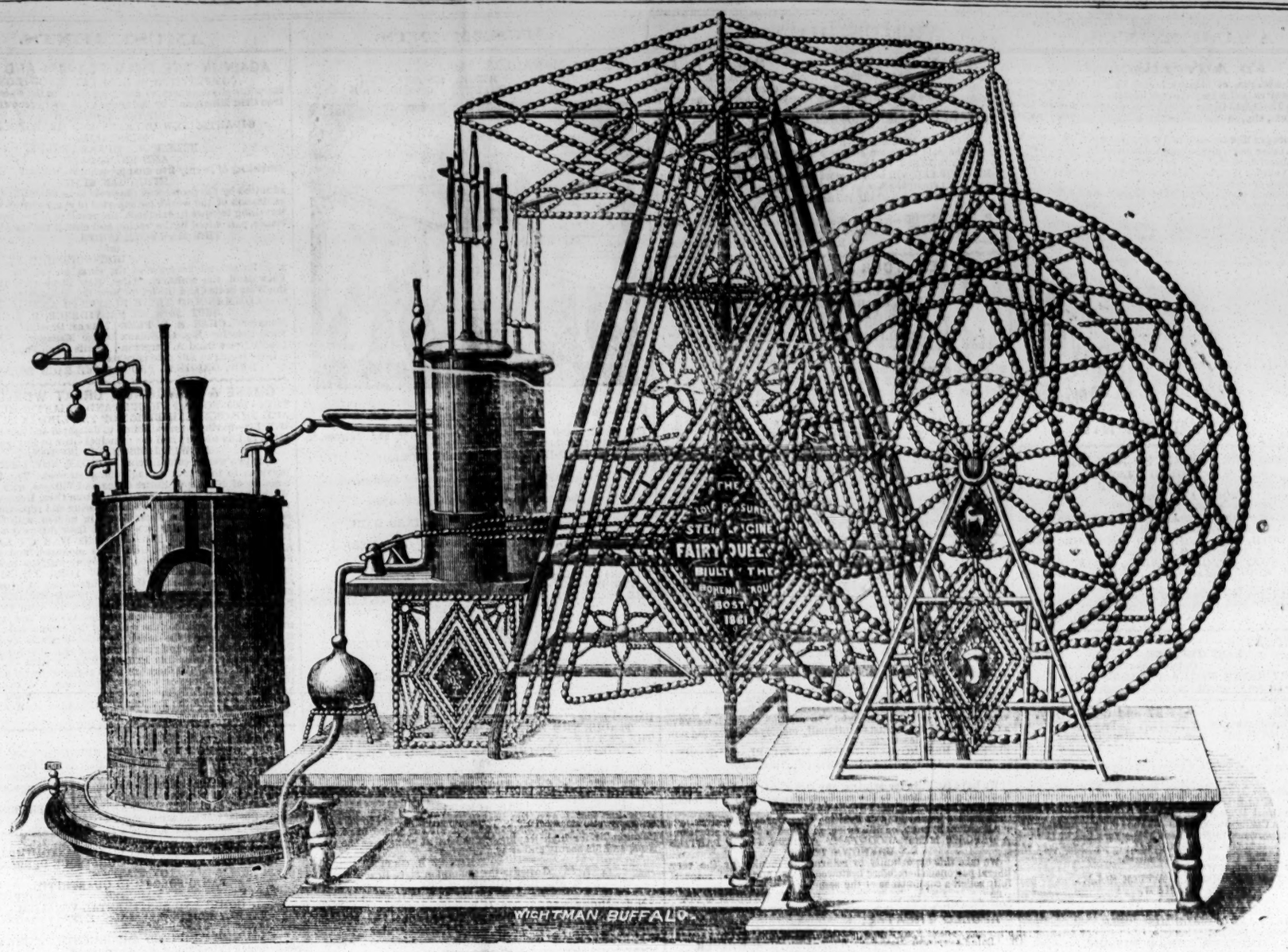
THE ALLEGHANIANS, Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, were taking in silver and gold from the Canadians at Prescott, C. W., Nov. 23d. They appear at St. James Hall, Buffalo, Dec. 9th and 10th.

THE BARKER FAMILY CONCERT TROUPE were at Waterloo, N. Y., Nov. 25th.

WHISTON THE "ODDITY," and man of a hundred faces, appeared at Seneca Falls, N. Y., Nov. 25th. He is bound east to the New England States.

KYLE'S COLOSSAL PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER showed at Seneca Falls Nov. 16th and 17th.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL AND CELESTIAL TROUPE commence their third winter tour at Pine's Hall, Poughkeepsie, Dec. 8th. The company is said to be one of the largest on the road, and one of the most attractive. It consists of Miss Carrie Avery, M'lle Manora Lawrette, Miss Mattie Mairs, Charley Shay, Frank Howard, James G. Sheppard, Johnny Forbes, Mike C. Sexton, George Keffere, George Schillner, Charles Heire, John Shay, John Andress, Little Jack Sheppard, and the performing dog Fanny. They perform at Newburg Dec. 6th and 7th; Hudson, 8th; Albany, 9th and 10th, and then up the Central Railroad, making Syracuse on Christmas, and New Year's day at Rochester.



GOODWIN & CARLING'S
ORIGINAL
BOHEMIAN TROUPE
OF
FANCY GLASS BLOWERS AND SPINNERS,
IN
GRAND MUSICAL PROMENADE & GIFT ENTERTAINMENTS,
NOW ON THEIR WESTERN TOUR,
WILL VISIT
BRIDGEPORT,
HARTFORD,
NEW HAVEN,
ALBANY,
ROCHESTER,
LOCKPORT,
BUFFALO, N. Y.,
HAMILTON,
TORONTO, CANADA,
DETROIT, MICH.,
and CHICAGO.

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
MATINEE
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS GIVEN TO CHILDREN,
WHO WILL BE ADMITTED FOR
FIFTEEN CENTS.

THE GREAT WONDER OF MODERN TIMES,
THE ALPHA AND OMEGA OF STEAM,
THE WONDERFUL
DOUBLE WORKING, HIGH PRESSURE STEAM ENGINE
FAIRY QUEEN,
which if of iron would be Twelve Horse Powers, and is THREE times as large as any engine ever made of GLASS. The
FAIRY QUEEN,
THE LARGEST SPECIMEN OF GLASS WORK IN THE WORLD.
It will be in full operation during the hours of exhibition, and is beyond doubt the most complicated and elaborate specimen of mechanical ingenuity and artistic skill ever exhibited or manufactured from glass, either in ancient or modern times. Distinguished Professors of the various scientific Academies of Berlin, Dusseldorf, Munich and Dresden, who witnessed its operations, have unanimously pronounced it
THE NOBLEST TROPHY WON BY INDUSTRY.
THE BRIGHTEST JEWEL IN THE CORONET OF ART.

This Troupe is the Largest, as well as the Oldest Organized one in the U. S., and is composed of the following talented artists:
MR. C. H. CARLING,
The originator of this far-famed troupe, who emigrated to America in 1851, and since his sojourn in this country has been actively engaged in manufacturing the most difficult and intricate specimens of Glass Work. By his unrivalled skill and remarkable ingenuity, he has won for himself the title of the CHAMPION GLASS BLOWER of the World.
MONS. FRANK PIERRE,
The Champion Glass Blower, Fancy Worker, Spinner, also Lecturer on the Method of Glass Working.
MR. GEORGE WOODROFFE,
The celebrated Glass Worker, whose faithful representations of Animals and Birds have won for him the highest encomiums throughout the world.
MRS. GEORGE WOODROFFE,
The most beautiful Fancy Glass Worker in the world. The skill exhibited by this lady is truly wonderful. In the manufacturing of Ladies' Head Dresses, Ornaments for Ladies' Hats, Birds, Fruit, &c., &c., she stands unrivalled and alone, and defies competition.
MR. ALEXANDER FRAZER,
The celebrated Machinist and Engineer.
MASTER HOPKINS,
The Juvenile Glass Blower who excels in making Pipes, Glasses, Bottles, &c.,
MONS. M. REIDEL,
The celebrated Violinist. Upon hearing his Solos you will at once characterize him as an unexceptionable Artist—a bright meteor in Art's region.
MONS. SCHUARTZEN,
The eminent Pianist.
These talented artists may be seen in different parts of the Hall, manufacturing an endless variety of
PARLOR ORNAMENTS, SHIPS, BIRDS OF PARADISE, BASKETS OF FLOWERS, VASES OF FRUIT, SCALES OF JUSTICE, CHARIOTS DRAWN BY SWANS,
PHILOSOPHICAL AND HOLLOW WORKING IN COLORED GLASS,
a branch of the art which has never before been attempted, all of which are given away to the audience.
ANOTHER STRIKING FEATURE
of this entertainment is the fact that all the ornaments manufactured by this troupe
ARE DISTRIBUTED GRATUITOUSLY
among the audience. A large and valuable collection of
BEAUTIFUL PARLOR ORNAMENTS
are given away at each entertainment, and, in order to do so impartially, they will be drawn for by corresponding numbers. Visitors will thus have an opportunity of witnessing an elegant entertainment, and stand a chance to
RECEIVE A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT,
which will prove a valuable acquisition to the parlor. At every entertainment will be given away
BEAUTIFUL CASES OF EXQUISITE GLASS WORK.
POSITIVELY NO WORK SOLD.
Order of Entertainment:
DOORS OPEN AT 7 O'CLOCK.
MUSICAL PROMENADE COMMENCES.
THE ENTIRE TROUPE AT WORK AT 7½ O'CLOCK.
DISTRIBUTION OF PRESENTS TO THE AUDIENCE,
varying from $1 to $25, at ten minutes to nine o'clock.
C. H. CARLING, Mechanical Director.
GEO. K. GOODWIN, Sole Business Manager.
MENRY C. MAHUREN, Accredited Agent.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE and Young Female Brass Band are now in the fourth year of their performances. The Zouave Drill, as performed by the *corps*, is alone worth the price asked for admission to their entertainments; it is really a treat to witness the young ladies go through the various evolutions which made the Zouave drill so attractive; they move like clock work, doing some of the most difficult manœuvres known in military tactics. This troupe has its imitators, but Mr. Carter is so confident in the ability of his little *corps* to excel all others, that he has publicly offered to stake $1,000 that the Carter Zouaves can beat any similar organization in existence.

PROF. LOWE continues his balloon ascensions, by means of rope cables, in Philadelphia. Price to go up, five dollars: to come down, nothing. Fire-works at night, from the balloon. Big thing.

PAUL BERGER'S concert was well attended at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 25th inst., and the singing was evidently enjoyed.

DR. COLTON, of laughing gas renown, was at Tweddle Hall, Albany, Nov. 26th.

A MAMMOTH OX, named Ulysses Grant, was recently exhibited in Boston, for the benefit of the sailor's fair. Three thousand five hundred and ten dollars were realised. The ox would make a valuable addition to the sailor's fair at all times. Talking about the Mammoth ox reminds us of something else in the eating line. A sheep grower in Middlebury, Vermont, it is reported, has refused $20,000 for his two bucks, "Gold Drop" and "Silver Mine," owing to their being of a valuable species.

M. JOHN DENIER, the popular gymnast, opens with Sanderson, of Russian War celebrity, at Maryland Institute, Baltimore this week. He will do his rope ascension act with the full length of his rope, viz., 200 feet long and at a height of 40 feet.

VERRECKE was to close in Baltimore on Nov. 29th, with a farewell benefit. He sails from this city Nov. 30th for Cuba.

THE MACABTE "went up" at Annapolis last week.

THE BAYLEY ZOUAVE TROUPE, after an "inglorious" season of two nights, shut up shop at Troy, N. Y.

MESSRS. GOODWIN AND CARLING'S original Bohemian Troupe of Glass Blowers and Spinners are on their travels through the West and Canadas. They were to be at Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 28th; Hartford, Dec. 5th, for one week, and New Haven, 13th, for six days. The troupe consists of C. H. Carling, Mons. Frank Pierre, Mr. and Mrs. George Woodroffe, Alex. Frazer, Master Hopkins, Mons. M. Reidel, and Mons. Schuartzen. Glass ornaments are presented to the audience every evening gratuitously. Mr. C. H. Carling is mechanical director, Geo. K. Goodwin is business manager, and Henry C. Mahuron is agent. For further particulars of this great troupe see advertisement in another column.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

MRS. ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE has, with the assistance of Mrs. Lawrence, wife of the American consul, Mr. Mathini, United States vice-consul general, Perugi, the banker, Mr. T. A. Trollope, author of "La Beata," and M. Mignati, an artist, been getting up amateur theatricals for charitable purposes in Florence. The "Hunchback" has thus been produced, the accomplished ex actress playing Julia to the admiration of an audience comprising the *elite* of the English, American and Italian society resident in that most intellectual of Italian cities.

FANNY KEMBLE commenced a series of dramatic readings at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, Eng., Nov. 14th.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S new Irish drama, "Arrah na Pogue," (Arrah of the Kiss), was produced Nov. 7th, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. It was, it is said, originally intended to succeed the "Streets of London," at the Princess', London; circumstances occurring, however, likely to eventuate in the relinquishment by Mr. G. Vining of the lesseeship of that theatre soon after Christmas, necessitated the abandonment of the original plan. The drama has not, as is generally the case, been founded on an old story or legend, but is stated to be the entire invention of Mr. Boucicault. The period of the action is fixed at the conclusion of the rebellion of 1798. The drama is said to be smartly and cleverly written, interspersed with very racy and spicy sayings, and Shaun, the poet was portrayed by Mr. Boucicault; and as Arrah, Mrs. Boucicault, it is predicted, will make a greater hit than even her Lily O'Connor. Mr. John Brougham performed the part of O'Grady.

THE LONDON ERA says that Gen. Tom Thumb, his wife and *child*, arrived by the City of Washington, Nov. 10th. How are you, baby?

MR. HENRY PALMER, agent for the Davenport Brothers, at present in England, is out with a reward of £100, which he offers to give to any person or persons that can be found capable of producing the same results under the same conditions (by legerdemain); in addition, he offers to pay for the hire of the room or place of exhibition for such a test, and all other expenses connected with the same. And the said test or exhibition shall take place in the presence of at least twenty-five persons of character and position, whose opinion shall be taken to establish the question at issue. And if this challenge and defiance shall remain, as former and similar challenges and defiances have remained, unnoticed, except by ribaldry and meaningless jeers, said Palmer, on behalf of the Brothers Davenport, says he will hereafter leave the vulgar noise which seems in this instance to replace criticism, to be appreciated as it may deserve. The phenomena are once more and unreservedly offered to such scientific gentlemen as may desire to investigate them. Any conjuror making the attempt, and, in the estimation of the parties to whom the experiments shall be submitted, failing to produce the phenomena, to pay over the sum of one hundred pounds to any charitable object they may designate.

MR. JOHN COLLINS appeared as Myles-na-Coppaleen, in "The Colleen Bawn," Nov. 7th, at the Adelphi Theatre, London. Many of the effects, which it is to be presumed Mr. Boucicault has protected by registration, were missing.

THE C. R. THORNE DRAMATIC TROUPE, were last at Delhi, India, and expected to be in England by the 1st of January next. The day after their engagement closed at Calcutta, a terrific hurricane (called there a cyclone) swept over the city, unroofing the theatre and doing a great amount of damage to the shipping.

"ELSEY GOODWIN, the duologue clown and jester," has finished his travels in China and Japan, and was last heard of in Batavia, Java. His company consists of jugglers, Chinese gymnasts, and two horses. He is spoken of as being the best clown in the world, and although giving his "gags" in English, his facial grimaces and grotesque antics please the natives greatly. He has made a fortune, and may be expected in this country within a few months. We believe he is a son of Mr. Goodwin the circus proprietor of Boston.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM,
THE WORLD STRUCK WITH WONDER!
THE HIGHEST, LOWEST, AND BROADEST
OF
NATURE'S WORK OF HUMANITY,
THREE MAMMOTH FAT GIRLS,
WEIGHING ONE TON.
THREE MONSTROUS GIANTS,
OVER 24 FEET HIGH.
TWO DWARFS, 18 POUNDS EACH.
A MENAGERIE OF LIVING ANIMALS,
Containing specimens
NOT TO BE SEEN IN ANY OTHER COLLECTION.
FRENCH MOVING AUTOMATONS,
Amusing and delighting all.
THREE ENTERTAINMENTS DAILY.
MORNING AT 11,
PLEASANT NEIGHBOR.
OKE-NA-WA-KAS TRIBE OF INDIANS,
MORNING, AFTERNOON, AND EVENING.
AFTERNOON AT 3,
WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.
EVENING, AT 7½,
LINDA DE CHAMOUNIX.
TONY DENIER ..... AND ..... PAS POLICHINELLE
CIRCASSIAN GIRL, ALBINO BOY, MOVING WAX FIGURES, LIVING CAPABARA OTTERS, KANGAROOS, LEARNED SEAL, &c., &c.
Admission 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,
No. 585 BROADWAY.
HELLER'S
STEADY
STEADY
CAREER OF SUCCESS
CAREER OF SUCCESS
is evidenced by
BRILLIANTLY
BRILLIANTLY
THRONGED HOUSES.
THRONGED HOUSES.
On every evening of the week, commencing on Monday, Nov. 28th, will be presented
A NEW
MUSICAL ATTRACTION:
ROBERT HELLER
ROBERT HELLER
and
CHARLES FRADEL
CHARLES FRADEL
will play together
THE GOBLIN DRUM POLKA,
specially composed for these seances by Charles Fradel, and published by Beer & Schirmer.
THE SCARLET SPIRIT EVERY EVENING
SEDGWICK'S SOLOS ON THE CONCERTINA.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 8.
A STARTLING NOVELTY in preparation for the Holidays.

BROADWAY THEATRE.
"Now one of the fashionable resorts."—Herald, Nov. 19.
ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR OWENS.
His splendid personations of
DR. OLLAPOD AND SOLON SHINGLE
THE TWIN "SENSATIONS" OF BROADWAY.
"By far the best Ollapod seen in New York for many years."—News.
"Equal in skill and ability to his Solon Shingle."—Evening Post.
"His audience was extremely large and kept in roars of laughter."—Herald.
"His success was marked and warmly appreciated."—World.
"Really fresh and original, and unusually artistic."—Tribune.
MONDAY AND NIGHTLY TILL FURTHER NOTICE.
SECOND WEEK OF THE POOR GENTLEMAN.
FOURTEENTH WEEK OF THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER.
Seats can be secured Six days in advance. 33

THE RISING YOUNG ACTRESS OF THE AGE,
ALICE KINGSBERY,
Now playing to crowded houses at Allen's New Nashville Theatre, commences her second week there on Nov. 28th. Opens at the Ft. Wayne Theatre Dec. 12th.
Miss Kingsbury's time is entirely filled to March 20th, 1865. All communications for the Spring season must be addressed
ALBERT A. WYATT,
34-1t* 69 East Third street, Cincinnati, O.

THE UNDERSIGNED, having withdrawn his services as AGENT for Miss Charlotte Thompson, desires a like position with some STAR—or Advertising or Business Agent for an
OPERA, CONCERT, or
MINSTREL TROUPE.
Address A. S. PENNOYER,
251 Chester street,
34-1t* Philadelphia.

ARTEMUS WARD.
ARTEMUS WARD,
DODWORTH HALL,
806 BROADWAY.
MONDAY, NOV. 28th,
and following evenings of the week,
5TH NIGHT,
50TH NIGHT,
50TH NIGHT,
AND
51st, 52d, 53d, 54th, and 55th NIGHTS
OF THE
VERY SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINMENT,
VERY SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINMENT,
ARTEMUS WARD
AMONG THE MORMONS,
AMONG THE MORMONS.
Doors open every evening at 7½. Commences at 8.
Central chairs, commanding the best view of the pictures, can be secured at the Hall, from 8 A. M. till 4 P. M. 34

THE HIPPOTHEATRON,
Fourteenth street, opposite the Academy of Music.
MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 28TH, and every evening during the week.
TWO GRAND MATINEES,
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
Seats will be reserved for the Matinees.
THIRD WEEK OF MR. HENRY COOKE'S WORLD-FAMED COMPANY OF DOG AND MONKEY ACTORS,
whose wondrous performances have created the utmost entertainment and delight, and elicited uproarious merriment and enthusiastic applause. They appear at every performance.
Reappearance of the Queen of Tight-Rope Artistes,
M'DLLE. MARIETTA ZANFRETTA, in a new and startling act.
Unparalleled success of the great American Equestrian,
YOUNG STICKNEY. YOUNG STICKNEY,
who is admitted to be without a compeer in daring agility as an Equestrian Somersault Thrower.
MISS EMMA STICKNEY. MR. S. P. STICKNEY.
First days and nights of a new Comic Entree, entitled THE CLOWN'S CAVALRY. New Pantomime by the French company of RAVEL PANTOMIMISTS. Monster Programme by THE MAMMOTH COMPANY OF STAR ARTISTS.

SECOND ANNUAL TOUR
OF THE
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